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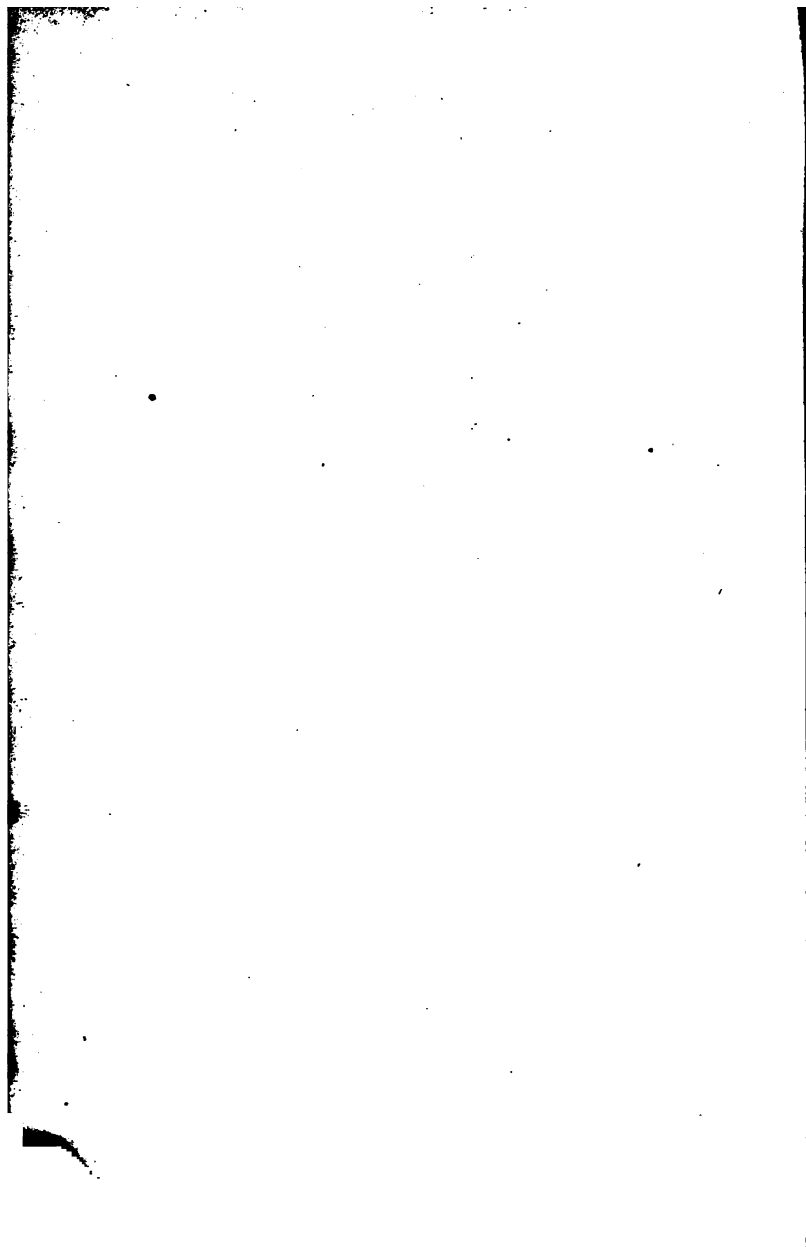
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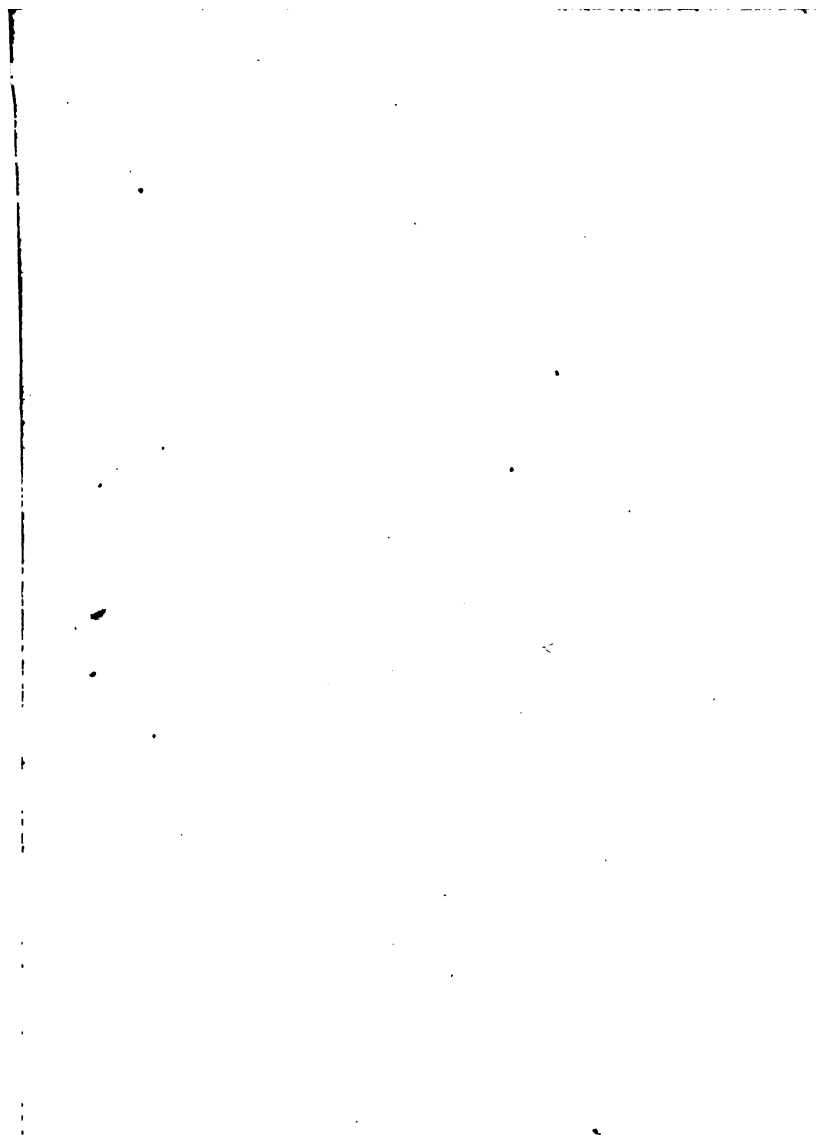
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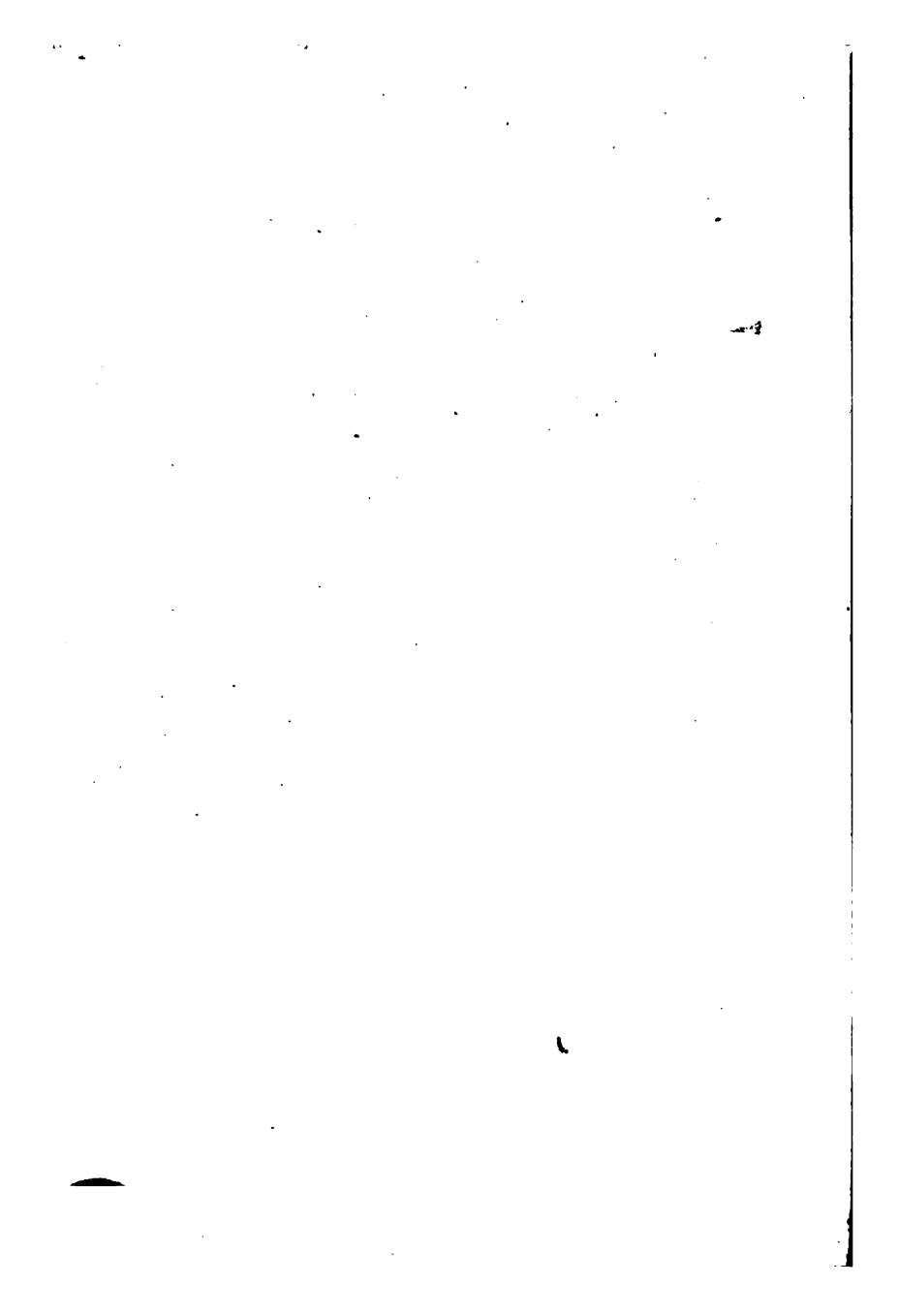
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THE JUDGE'S PETS.

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Stories of a Family and its Dumb Friends.

By E. JOHNSON.

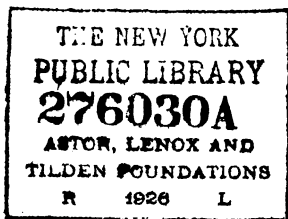
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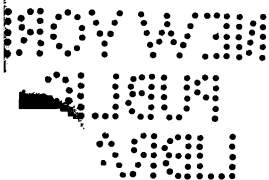
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## PREFACE.

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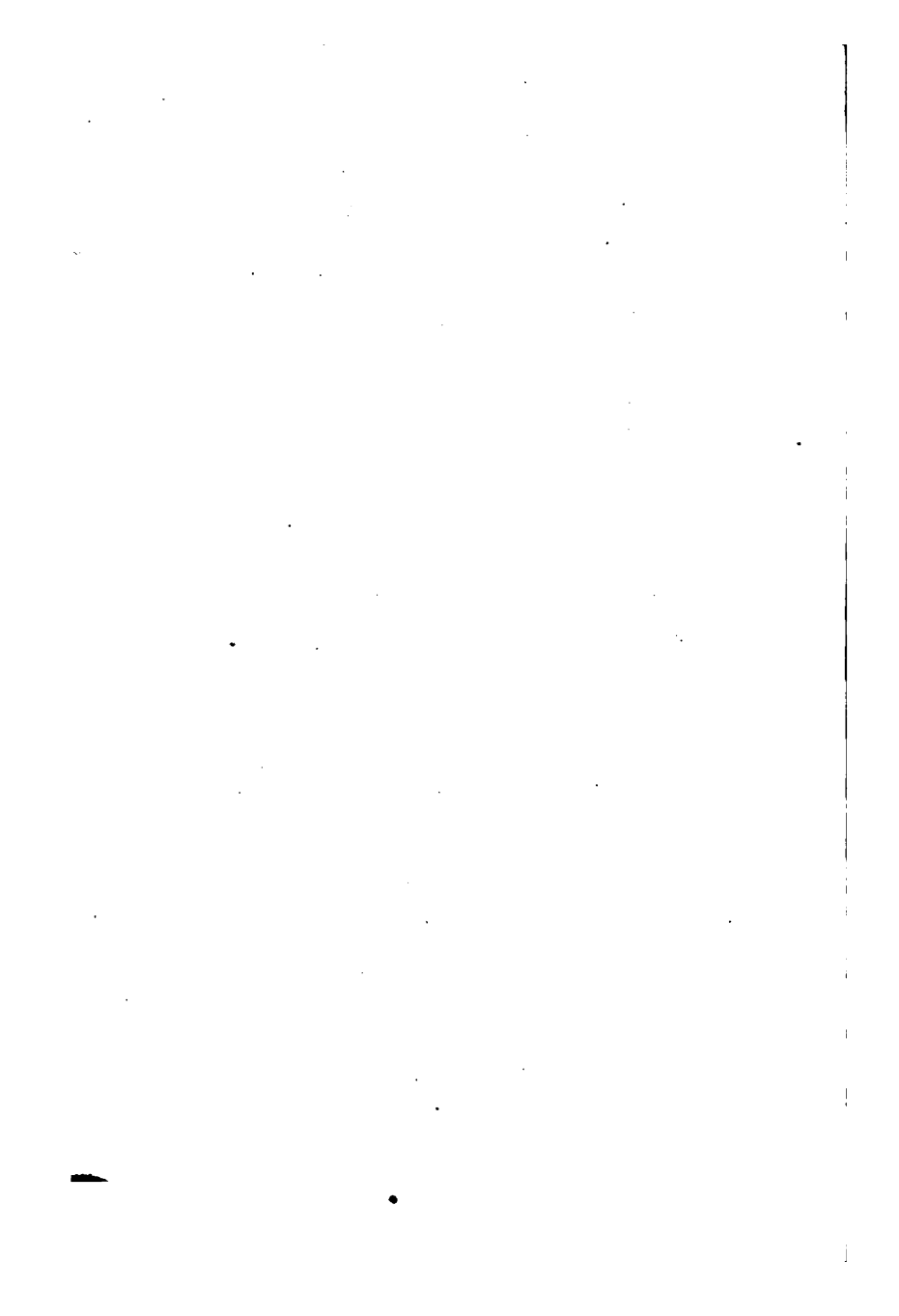
THE Judge's family consisted of six children, and I shall tell you one story or more of each. But I shall not describe their looks farther than is absolutely necessary for my story, and I shall leave you to find out their dispositions for yourselves. So you must use your own little minds to imagine what sort of a girl or boy it is of whom you are reading. George was the eldest, then came Susie, then a dear little boy who died, then Anna, then Tom, and last of all, little Grace. Of course a great many things that I shall tell you about the elder children, happened before the younger ones were born. When Grace came into the world, her brother George had been through college, and was in the Law School at C. So you see there was a great difference in their ages. But I shall try to tell my stories, both of children

and pets, in the order in which the events really happened. I shall tell you about a great many pets, for the Judge always had more or less around him. If the children who read my stories enjoy hearing about the various members of the Judge's family as much as I have enjoyed telling about them, I shall feel entirely satisfied. Go out into the world, little book, and give as much pleasure as you can to the children whom you meet. Perhaps, too, you may be able to teach them one thing at least, and that is, to be kind and gentle to all the dumb animals about them.

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# THE JUDGE'S PETS.

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## INTRODUCTION.



EVERYTHING loved the Judge. Grown-up people were sometimes a little afraid of him, because he was known to be so very good himself, and to expect every one else to be equally

good ; but the little children and the dumb animals loved him, without fearing him at all. If he made a visit at any house, the children made him their chief playfellow before they had known him two days, and seemed always to think his visits were intended especially for them. The smallest ones followed him about the house calling, "Dudgey, Dudgey;" and the older ones came to him for stories and help in their lessons. No dog or cat ever failed to know him for a friend at the first meeting, and his own pets had an affection for him which seemed beyond their natures. When he looked into one of the clean pig-sties, even the oldest and fattest pig grunted with lazy pleasure, and managed to waddle to the window to have his head scratched with a corn-cob. One of the pigs got loose one day, and was found in Deacon Sam's cornfield, eating immense quantities of corn and trampling down and spoiling a great deal more than he ate. Of course the Deacon's people began to drive him out ; but the more they drove, the more piggy wouldn't go, and only ran round faster and trampled down the corn more than ever. At last the Deacon sent word to the Judge, who went at once to the scene of action. He stopped the shouting and running, and

then going near the pig, called, "Piggy, Piggy; come, good Piggy," and the pig came quietly out and followed the well-known voice. All the people laughed, as well they might, to see the portly and dignified Judge walking gravely up the village street with a fat pig following at his heels like a dog. The cows were special pets. The Judge was a very busy per-



son all through the week, but on Sunday he always visited his cows, and generally carried the baby in his arms, letting it pat and feed the gentle creatures who always surrounded him as soon as he entered the yard. So the children learned to love the cows before they were old enough to be afraid of them, or know

that they could do harm with their big horns, if they tried.

When he was away from home, Old Malty, the big cat, showed her loneliness in the plainest way, going mewing about and hunting for him in all his accustomed places.

If he was out of the house, when he came home again, she knew of his arrival as soon as she saw his carpet-bag or cloak, and never rested a moment till she had found him, and rubbed herself against his legs, purring a loud song of welcome. Of course the Judge had a great many pets at different times, and if you like to hear about them as well as some children do, who are always asking me for stories, I will give you the histories of a few.



**GEORGE'S CHILDHOOD.**

I AM sure George must have been the very funniest little fellow that ever lived. He was a remarkably handsome child, with large brown eyes, and a fine head covered with brown curly hair, and his cheeks looked like two red apples. He was almost always happy, and it was a real pleasure to hear his clear, merry voice sounding through the house. But sometimes of course he was quiet, and then a serious, almost sad expression would steal over his face, to be followed, however, almost immediately, by a look so full of fun that one could hardly believe that a shadow of sadness had ever passed over his bright face. Every one noticed his eyes as being wonderful, they were so full of expression. The mother used to say that before he was old enough to speak, she could read in his eyes each thought that passed through his little mind. Such a brave, generous boy as he was too! Although mischievous, and fond of teasing, he was never known

to do a mean or cowardly act. I am sorry to say, however, that he would sometimes torment his younger sister. But he was always sorry for it afterwards, and never failed to make her some amends, if he had allowed himself to tease her ever so little. Once he took her doll, and tied a string round her neck, telling Susie that he had found the doll stealing some sugar out of the store closet, and so she must be hung. And although Susie entreated for pardon, George persisted that the doll needed the punishment. But when he found that it would be a real grief for the child to see her doll treated so dreadfully, he stopped the play, and to console his little sister for her five minutes of suffering, he promised to give up a coast, which he had been longing for many weeks, and spend the whole afternoon making paper-dolls for Susie instead.

The mother used to tell a great many stories of his childhood. Perhaps I can repeat some of them. She said that once, when she was quite ill, the servant who had the care of George came to her room, and told her that the child was lost. As George was only three years old, the mother was of course alarmed, and sent word at once to the Judge's office. After a time the Judge appeared with the

child in his arms, and at once placed him on the mother's bed for discipline. Upon inquiry, George confessed that he had been to the brook at the back of the house to catch frogs.

"Don't you know, George, that you can't catch frogs in your hand?" asked the mother.

"Tan't me," said the little fellow; and taking a hand from each of his apron pockets, and opening them, he showed to the mother two little live frogs, which at once began to hop all over the bed. The mother screamed, which perfectly delighted George. It would have been hard to tell which laughed the most, the mother, the Judge, or the little scamp himself.

At this time Susie was a baby, and the Judge used often to walk about the yard with her in his arms before going to his office. One day the mother, hearing a faint cry from Susie, ran to the nursery to find the baby on the floor, and Master George trying in vain to take her up. With each fresh attempt on his part, the baby's poor little head would fall back upon the floor with a hard bump.

"Why, George," said the mother, "what are you doing to your dear little sister?"

"I only wanted to take her into the yard for a walk, because father did not have time," answered the young man.

The mother always liked to put her children to bed, and hear their prayers herself; but one evening, when she had company, she asked Aunt Sophy to put George to bed. The child was very good, but when he was asked to say his prayers, his aunt was rather disturbed at his screaming them out at the top of his voice.

"I would speak low," said Aunt Sophy. "Don't you know God can hear you just as well if you say your prayers in a whisper?"

"I know *God* can hear me just as well," said George, "but I want mother and every one of the companies down-stairs to hear me too."

George was so fond of going off by himself, that whenever he could get the gate open, he would walk himself off without leave from any one. At last the gate was fastened so that he could not open it. Unfortunately his little dog Brave liked to walk too, and as soon as he found the gate could not be opened, he dug a hole under it, and so escaped when he liked. The mother saw George watching Brave very intently one day when he was going out in this manner. She told the Judge she thought George meant to get out in the same way. The very next morning a neighbor called upon the mother, and informed her that George was

sitting by the side of the road, under a large cotton umbrella. He said it was a dangerous place for the child, because the umbrella frightened the horses, and he would very likely be run over. He said he was driving to his own home with a rather gay horse, and happened to see this object move, at the same time that his horse saw it; but the horse was so alarmed, that in trying to avoid driving against the child, his buggy had been broken all to pieces. He added that he had offered to bring the child home, but that George entirely refused to move, and when he had tried to force him to do so, his dog Brave, who was also under the umbrella, showed his teeth in such an unpleasant manner, that he did not dare touch the boy. George was at once sent for and brought home, much against his will. He had started out for a walk, but finding the umbrella much too heavy for his little hands, he had seated himself by the roadside to rest. You can imagine that an umbrella so large as to completely hide the child and dog, and which was not still a moment, was an alarming sight for any horse.

The mother always cautioned George against walking near the river, lest he should fall in. One night when she was putting him to bed,

after he had said his prayers, he put his arms round her neck and said, —

“ You need not feel anxious any more about my going to the river, for I don't think I shall want to go there ever again.”

“ Why not, George ? ” asked the mother ;  
“ have you ever fallen in ? ”

“ Well, yes,” he said, “ I did.”

“ But how did my little boy get out of the river ? ” asked the mother.

“ Why, Sol Newton was near, and he heard me holler, so he came and pulled me out just as easy as anything,” answered the child.

“ But I am 'most sure I could have got out some way if Sol had not come.”

He never seemed to have any desire to go there alone after this adventure, however. So when he wished to go fishing, he would persuade the Judge to accompany him. No one could understand why George was so fond of fishing, for he never by any chance caught anything. One day he and the Judge started off, George as usual armed with a bent pin on the end of a long piece of piping-cord, which had been discovered in the mother's work-box. They were gone the whole afternoon, and George returned at night with a very small fish strung over his shoulder.

"Why, George," said the mother, "did you really catch a fish?"

"Yes," answered the child, "he was a dead feller when I got him, but I am pretty sure I could have caught him just as well if he had been alive."

By and by George became such a big boy that his parents began to feel that he must have a better education than he could get in the village. Besides, the mother was uneasy when he was off with the other boys. She spent all her evenings playing games with him, because she could not bear to have him out in the street playing with the boys. And George was entirely happy with the mother, not caring to have any other society when he could be with her. So at last it was understood by all the neighbors that the mother's evenings belonged to her boy, and that she could accept none of the many invitations she was constantly receiving. The child looked forward all day to his evening's play with the mother, because he said it was the only time when he could have her all to himself. And in after years, when George had become the noble man, the devoted son, and the dear comfort to her that he was, the mother felt that those hours given to him when a child, were paid back to her a

thousand times over. But a great part of each day, George was off with the boys of the village, about whom she knew very little. This made her so anxious lest her boy should come to some harm, that at last she decided to send him to a good boarding-school. It happened very fortunately that a gentleman who had taught school in G—— for a number of years, decided to accept the position of an assistant in a very fine boys' school, a few miles away. So it was decided that George should go with this gentleman. Mr. Kemp was a very kind, good man, and was willing that George should have a little bed placed in his own room. This made the mother quite easy about her boy. The Judge bought a pretty little trunk, and had George's initials marked upon it, which seemed to console him a good deal for being sent away. The mother bought him everything she thought he could possibly need, to put into his new trunk, because she wished him to have all the clothes he would want till he came home again. He had a set of shirts made at the tailor's, and a suit of blue cloth with bright brass buttons, besides two other suits for common wear which were not so fine. Neckties and gloves the mother bought him without number, and the Judge declared he



had handkerchiefs enough to last his life-time. When everything was all ready to be packed up, the mother's only brother came to make her a visit. He was very much interested in anything that concerned George, and, after carefully looking at all his new things, announced that the child had not a single pair of decent trousers, and that he must have at least one pair made properly. He told George he should have a pair made with suspenders. George did not care much for dress in those days; so he said he was too tired to walk down town, and he knew he could not ride, for the horses were all off somewhere, except Charlie, and he was lame.

"Very well!" said his uncle; "then I will order a sleigh from the livery-stable, and you shall ride down town this afternoon."

This arrangement quite pleased Master George. He liked the idea of the drive, although he cared nothing for the trousers. What was his dismay, however, when, instead of the single sleigh he was watching for, a large double one, drawn by two horses, and with four large robes upon the seats, stopped at the gate. The Judge, thinking there must have been some mistake, questioned the driver, who said that the gentleman had cer-

tainly ordered the large sleigh, when he found that the small ones were out. George declared that he would not be seen riding through the streets in that style. He said he should have to go past the school-house, and that all the boys would laugh at him; that he wouldn't do it for anything.

"But George, dear," said the mother, "think how much trouble your uncle has taken for you. What will he say if you don't go?"

"I didn't want the trousers," said George; "he ordered them entirely to please himself and his own pride."

The mother suggested that he might wrap himself all up in the robes, and then none of the boys could tell who he was. After a moment's thought, George consented to this arrangement. So, after carefully rolling one of the robes about him, he lay down in the bottom of the sleigh, and made the driver cover him all over with another. In this manner he went to the tailor's and returned.

The next day the trousers came home all finished. The mother felt, as soon as she saw them, that her boy would look like a little old man cut short; but if his uncle was only pleased, she did not mind much; and she was

sure George would like them. But the moment the boy saw the trousers with suspenders, he declared he should be ashamed to wear such looking things. All the boys in the school would laugh at him if he dressed up in that style. However, the mother thought he had better carry them with him, and he need not take them out of his trunk unless he liked.

After everything had been arranged for the child's comfort and good, he left his home for the first time in his life, promising to be the very best boy in the world. Poor little Susie's heart was almost broken at parting from her big brother. But George struggled manfully against his inclination to cry, and did not shed one tear at the house. But Mr. Kemp afterwards told the mother that as soon as they had fairly driven into the street, the child could control himself no longer, and cried almost the whole way.

George promised to write Susie very often, and he hardly ever wrote the mother without sending a letter for his little sister too. George did not get as many letters in return, for it took Susie a great many days to prepare an answer. The correspondence thus begun between the two children was kept up all their lives; for, from this time, they were very often parted.

In all George's letters from school he urged the mother to visit him. He said almost all the boys had visits from their mothers. The mother always wrote back that she would certainly go some day. As she was not very well, she had put it off a good many weeks, when one day she received this letter from her boy.

“DEAREST MOTHER, — ‘Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.’

“Your unhappy GEORGE.”

This last appeal went to the mother's heart, for it was so covered with tears that it was almost impossible to read it. She decided to start the next day, and to take Susie with her. After a few hours' ride in the steam-cars, they arrived in B——, and were at the hotel before dinner-time. Susie suggested that they should go to the school, and get George to come back and dine with them. The mother thought it a very good plan, so they went at once to the school; but George was off with some of the other boys bathing. So they thought they would walk toward the river and meet him. George saw them coming, and was out of the water and into his clothes in about two minutes. But imagine the mother's hor-

ror at finding him dressed in the best blue suit, with the trousers held up by a leather strap run through the button-holes round the waist, because all the buttons had come off. She made some little remonstrance, and was told that this suit was the only one fit to wear, that both the others had been worn out long ago. The mother said no more, although she was a good deal disturbed to find her boy looking so shabby. The buttons from the jacket were all gone but two, and the whole suit was so faded and covered with spots that it would have been impossible to tell its original color.

George was allowed to go directly to the hotel, where he enjoyed immensely a very poor dinner. The children were very happy together, playing all the afternoon, and making plans in the evening for the long vacation George was to have.

The next morning George was obliged to attend school, but returned in time for dinner. The mother spent a good part of her time getting him a new outfit. She had his trunk brought to the hotel, and, to her dismay, found that he had just one handkerchief left, and nothing else except the trousers his uncle had given him. These, George said, he had only worn on very grand occasions, that they had

been the admiration of the whole school. He said every one of the boys had written home to ask for a new pair of pantaloons made to wear with suspenders.

The mother remained in B—— a whole week, and all that time George never left her except during school hours. That same week the school had a picnic, and George had written home often, telling of the good time he anticipated; but now he entirely refused to leave Susie and the mother. They tried to persuade him to go, but he said he would a great deal rather stay with them. George was very fond of his little sister, and took her to school with him one morning, that all the boys might see her. One boy asked if Susie could read.

"Of course she can," said George; "I bet she can read better than you can." But the boy was not willing to allow that any *girl* could surpass him in learning.

"Well, anyhow," said George, "she has been to school two years, and she is only six, and has been all through three readers twice. I don't believe you were as smart as that."

This last statement quite silenced the boy, and impressed all the other boys so much that not one of them ventured to speak a word to Susie the whole morning.

At last the day came when they must return home. The mother found it very hard to leave her boy behind ; but George was entirely good about it, and said he should just think what a good time he had been having, and that would keep him from feeling homesick. He went to the station with them, and said "good-by" without crying a bit, although the mother said she never saw a more dismal face.

## BRAVE.

WHEN George was nine or ten years old, some one gave him a present which delighted him beyond measure. It was a little black puppy, so small that George brought it home in a little basket, and for some weeks it could go in and out of the kitchen through Old Malt-y's little hanging door. He was a little, crying, homesick baby, and mourned so for his mother that some one was obliged to hold him in their lap and pet him all day long, until he was reconciled to his new home.

He soon grew, however, to be a very large and powerful dog. He was not at all handsome, being black and rough, and very awkward and uncouth in his manners; but he had the bravest and most loving heart ever carried in a dog's bosom, and George always maintained that he knew more than any man in town. Never did boy and dog love each other better, or have more fun together, than these two. They frolicked in every way possible,



and George even taught Brave to wrestle, which he did with great skill, and at last grew so much the stronger of the two that George gave up the amusement. In the winter they would climb (how the dog did it I can't imagine, but where his master went he could always follow somehow) up on the roof of the piazza, and jump into the deep snowdrifts, boy first and dog on top, and then flounder out as best they could, — Brave enjoying the fun as much as any boy. He showed great affection for all the Judge's family, with a most enthusiastic devotion to the mother, and seemed to consider the baby as his especial charge. In the hot summer days her little mattress was brought down and spread on the library floor as the coolest place in the house. When she was laid on it, Brave always stretched himself beside her, and nothing would induce him to leave his watch until she awaked and was taken up. When she was drawn out in her little wagon, Brave walked gravely beside it, and allowed no stranger to come very near her. One day the Judge had a mind to see how Brave would settle a question of divided duty, so he drew the baby down into the orchard, where Brave, as usual, lay down by the wagon. Then the Judge went toward the house, and just before he was out

of hearing, turned and called Brave to come to him. The dog rose and came a little way, then looked back at the wagon and took a few steps toward that; then, when the Judge called louder, as if displeased, he came toward his master again. He hesitated a long time, the Judge all the while calling in his most commanding voice, but at last the dog made up his mind, and lay quietly down by the wagon, from which he refused to stir again. He seemed to think, "It is a very sad thing to disobey my master, but it will never do to leave this little baby alone. Who knows what might happen to her, away down here in the orchard, with no one near enough to hear her if she cries!" All the family voted that Brave's decision was the right one, and he was held in increased respect. But this sense of responsibility for the baby by and by brought Brave into great trouble, as you shall see. Though so very affectionate to those he knew and loved, he cared for but few people, and allowed no familiarities from strangers. He was very particular about dress and appearance, and would not allow any disreputable looking person to come into the yard. George went away to school, and I suppose Brave grew a little morose from loneliness and want of ex-

ercise. Then the boys, who had not dared to meddle with him when George was at home, teased him a good deal, only taking very good care to keep out of his reach. He took to lying on a wood-pile and barking and growling a good deal, and it frightened people to be barked at by such a very big, fierce looking dog. Complaints began to be brought to the Judge that his dog had snapped at this boy, or "come near" biting that one. These complaints were not believed at first, or Brave was excused on account of the insults he was known to have received. But at last a definite charge was brought, and, alas! Brave was proved guilty. A little harness had been made for him, and he was the proudest and happiest of dogs when fastened to the baby's wagon and allowed to drag her about the streets. But he felt responsible for her safety, and if any stranger came too near the wagon, he showed his teeth in a way which was a plain warning to all not to meddle with *his* baby. One day he was trotting along in his harness and feeling himself of the utmost importance, when he met a man in bright green plaid pantaloons. I told you Brave was fastidious about dress, and the pantaloons were ugly enough to offend any dog of taste ; but he would probably have

passed them in contemptuous silence, if the wearer had not put his hand on the baby's wagon. This was too much for Brave, and, without a growl or any warning, he seized the green plaids in his teeth. The man was somewhat hurt and very angry, and threatened to kill the dog. He would probably have kept his word, and besides it would hardly answer for a Christian and philanthropic Judge to keep a



dog who bit his neighbors. So it was decided that, for his own safety, and that of others, Brave must be banished. A home was found for him in a kind family, who lived on a lonely farm out of the way of teasing boys, and needed a good watch-dog. Tears were shed by more than one of the family, as Brave was taken away by his new master. The next day he found his way home, and threw himself at the

mother's feet in a perfect ecstasy of joy. He leaped up on her, he crouched before her, he looked in her face with his pleading eyes, till she fairly cried. Still the Judge had decided that it was wrong to keep him, and he was handed over to his new master again, with directions to keep him chained up until he should have forgotten his old home. He was tied up a long time, and the very day he was released he ran away and laid himself again at the mother's feet with the same pleading eyes which it was so hard to deny. This happened over and over again, and was too painful to be borne. It was thought to be kindest to Brave and all the rest to send him so far away that he could not get home, and it was hoped he would in time forget the past, and be happy again. So it was decided to give him to a family who were about moving to Ohio, and wanted a dog to watch their wagon. Ohio was the "far West" in those days, and families who went there travelled in great covered wagons, in which they ate, slept, and lived, during the whole journey. Under one of these wagons Brave was chained and went away, leaving the family very sad and anxious as to the treatment he might be receiving, and the grief he must be feeling at the loss of his old friends.

Weeks after this, the farmer who had owned Brave for a little while, found, lying near his house, a poor, lean, starved, worn-out dog, whom he could just recognize as Brave. He moved his tail when his name was called, and seemed glad to see the farmer, but did not live an hour after he was first found. How far he had travelled was never known, but probably he had made his escape at the first opportunity and found his way back alone, perhaps for hundreds of miles. How he must have suffered from fatigue and hunger, and longing for the dear old faces, as he plodded on, to die at last, poor fellow, within three miles of friends, and home, and happiness.

**SUSIE'S FIRST JOURNEY.**

ONE evening the Judge, coming home late, told the mother that he had been detained on some business, and that he must go to Berkshire County the next day to finish it. Susie happened to be in the room, and heard what he said. "O father!" said the little girl, "I wish you would take me with you."

Now the Judge was considered a pretty decided person, but he never could refuse one of his children a pleasure, if it was in his power to grant it. So he told her she might go with him, but at the same time he said, "he did not think she would enjoy herself much." However, Susie was wild with delight, and thanked her father over and over again for his consent. As they were to start quite early the next morning, the Judge cautioned Susie not to oversleep herself. He told Susie he had ordered the horse and buggy to be ready at half-past six, and that she must be up by half-past five. Susie kissed her father good-night,

and promised to be ready. The Judge little thought what trouble he had brought upon himself by his remarks. Ten times that night Susie appeared by his bedside, to ask "if it was time to start." But poor Susie was doomed to a bitter disappointment. The next morning the Judge had so violent a headache, that he found it impossible to leave his bed. He tried to get up and dress himself, that his little girl need not lose her anticipated pleasure; but it was of no use, — he was too dizzy to stand. But Susie was entirely cheerful, in spite of her disappointment. Indeed, her mind was so taken up with thoughts of her father, that she had no time to think of herself. If it had once entered her head that her frequent visits to her father the night before had so disturbed his rest that it had produced the headache, Susie would have been quite broken-hearted. But that thought never occurred to her; and instead of making herself and every one else miserable because she could not go, the little girl accepted her disappointment so sweetly, and was so anxious to do all in her power for her father's comfort, that the Judge said he never knew before what a very good little girl he had. He told Susie so that evening, and I can assure you she went to bed feeling very



happy, although she had lost the eagerly desired journey. When the child opened her eyes the next morning, she saw her father standing by her bedside, all dressed.

"Well! little one," said he, "are you ready to begin your journey?"

"Yes, indeed," said Susie; "it won't take me five minutes to dress, and I am not a bit hungry, — so I shall want no breakfast."

Her father laughed, and told her she had plenty of time to dress herself nicely, and to eat all the breakfast she wished, for it would not be time to start for two hours. Susie was surprised, as well as delighted, to hear that they were really going; for she had supposed that as they did not start the day they expected, the journey was to be given up. She could hardly eat her breakfast, her excitement was so great. So her father, finding she had eaten almost nothing, put some crackers and cake into a little basket, for her to eat on the road. At last Charley appeared at the door harnessed into the new buggy, looking as eager to start as Susie herself. After the Judge had given the horse some sugar, which he always expected, and Susie had kissed the mother and her brother George a great many times, her father placed the child in the

buggy, and they were really off. It took the whole day to reach L. ; but about half way the Judge stopped at a large public house, where he ordered a nice dinner. After eating all they wanted, Susie thought she would go out into the yard and look round while Charley was resting. A little way off stood a large barn ; and thinking she should find Charley there eating his dinner, she pushed the door open, and found herself in a clean room. Over in one corner of this room, sitting in a low chair, was a pretty little girl softly singing to herself, as she worked with different colored beads. While Susie stood in the door, not knowing whether to go away or not, the little girl asked, in a sweet, gentle voice, " Who is there ? "

" Please," said Susie, " I thought this was the barn, and that Charley was having his dinner here, so I brought him some sugar for his dessert. Charley likes sugar better than anything else, and I know he would be disappointed if I did not give him some."

" O, come right in," said the little girl ; " but I guess you won't find your brother eating his dinner in the barn."

Susie could hardly keep from laughing ; but she managed to explain that Charley was not her brother, but her father's horse.

"Well, I declare!" said the strange little girl, "I never heard of giving a horse dessert for his dinner. What a funny child you must be! I wish I could see you. Will you come up close to me, and let me look at you?"

Susie went near the little girl, who began to pass her hands all over Susie's face, saying, "This is the only way I can see any one, for I am blind."

Susie was greatly shocked, and the tears came into her own eyes, as she told the child how sorry she felt for her.

"Why do you cry, and say you are sorry?" said the blind girl. "I am as happy as the day is long. Mother is very good to me, and lets me work on my baskets the whole morning. At twelve o'clock the children from the school across the road come in and play with me, and often take me out for a walk. Then I always have my dinner in the big house; and after I have helped mother wash up the dishes, she lets me come out here again. I would rather work on my baskets than do anything else, for I make money enough by selling them to pay for my little brother's schooling. He is a very smart boy, and I think some day he will be the President of the United States."

"Indeed!" said Susie; "how much he must know!"

"Yes," said the blind girl, "he has learned 'most all his teacher knows."

"And how he must love you!" said Susie.

"Yes, he does," answered the child; "but then I don't believe he *can* love me as much as I do him."



Susie looked at this child, who was not much larger than herself, in perfect wonder. Just then she heard her father calling her name; so, bidding the blind girl good-by, she ran off to meet the Judge, who was coming for her. Charley was all ready at the buggy, so they started at once. Susie told her father all about the little blind girl, and ended by

saying that she should never feel unhappy again, for she should always remember how much more she had to enjoy than this poor little girl, who could not see anything, and worked so hard to send her brother to school, while her greatest amusement seemed to be a walk with the school-children. The Judge was quite pleased that Susie had found so good a moral in the life of the little blind girl.

Our travellers were on the road all the rest of that day, and at half-past seven they arrived at the hotel, where the Judge expected to remain two or three days. They were shown up to a large front-room, with a small room opening out of it for Susie. The Judge, fearing Susie would be lonesome, promised to take her the next day to Judge Crofton's house. Susie knew she should like that very much, for she had heard that Judge Crofton had a little girl of her own age. After a good supper, Susie was so tired that she was glad enough to get to bed. When she woke the next morning she could not tell where she was, and it was some moments before she could remember how she came in the strange room. She called to her father to know if he was up, and was quite distressed to learn that while she was sleeping, the Judge had been out for

a walk. He told Susie to hurry and get dressed, for as soon as she had finished her breakfast he intended taking her over to Judge Crofton's, and that she might pass the day there. As soon as Mrs. Crofton heard they intended to be in town two or three days, she insisted that they should visit her, instead of staying at the hotel. The Judge, however, preferred to remain at the hotel, but consented to leave Susie with Mrs. Crofton. So it was arranged that Susie should make Carry Crofton a visit. Carry was away from home that morning, so Mrs. Crofton proposed that Susie should sit at the window and watch for her little girl's return. Mrs. Crofton told Susie that Carry had black eyes and red cheeks, and Susie was much amused at the idea of watching for a little girl whom she had never seen. At last she saw a very pretty little girl coming up the street, who had such red cheeks that Susie thought it must be her friend. But this child went past the window without even looking up. Susie was feeling quite disappointed that it had not proved to be Carry, when she felt two arms about her; and looking round, she saw the very same little girl, who was now laughing hard at Susie's puzzled face.

"Don't you know me?" said the child. "I am Carry; and I knew you right away."

"Why! how could you tell who I was, when you never saw me before?"

"No," said Carry, "but then mother told me I should find you sitting here; so just as soon as I came in, I knew you *must* be Susie."

"Well," said Susie, "when I saw you go past the window, I hoped it was you, and I like you already."

"That's good," said Carry, "for I like you too. And now come up into my play-room, and I will show you my dolls."

The children played so happily together all the morning, that when dinner-time came they were both sorry, and thought they had much rather play than eat.

"However," said Carry, "I guess we had better eat our dinner, for mother says I am always cross when I am hungry, and I don't want to be cross to you, Susie."

Soon after dinner Susie's father came to the house, bringing with him two round bundles, — one for each of the children. Taking off the papers, they found he had brought them two beautiful china tea-sets, with bright colored flowers painted upon them. Each set was put up in a round box. The children

were delighted, and of course at once began to play tea-party. After playing about half-an-hour, Mrs. Crofton proposed a walk. So the tea-sets must be put carefully away till the next day. But just as Carry had arranged her



set nicely in the box, and was putting it on the shelf in the closet, her foot turned under her, and she fell upon the floor, breaking her tea-set into a thousand pieces. Carry and Susie both cried, and Susie at once proposed to give half of her own tea-set to her friend. But Carry would not consent to this. After much discussion, she promised to play with Susie's set just as though it belonged to her. Susie spent four days with her friend, and during all



that time not one impatient word was heard from either child. When other resources failed, they amused themselves with the parrot. This was a beautiful bird, who seemed to know almost as much as any one in the house. The family kept him in his cage most of the time, but once in a while he was allowed to run about the house. Now Carry liked to tease the parrot when he was confined; but when he was out of his cage, she was a good deal afraid of him. The bird knew this, and no matter where he met Carry, he would at once ruffle up his feathers and flap his wings. This always alarmed the child, who would start on a full run. As soon as the parrot saw her prepare to run away, he seemed perfectly delighted, and would begin to laugh and call out at the top of his voice, "Run, Carry, run." And I can assure you the child *did* run, and was always careful to shut every door after her in her flight, too. The children were very unhappy when the time for parting came. Both cried, and promised life-long friendship. The Judge cordially invited Mrs. Crofton to bring her little girl to visit at his house; and as the invitation was accepted, the children were somewhat consoled. Susie told Carry to look on the nursery-shelf as soon as she went up-stairs, and see what she would find there.

After they were started, she told her father that she had left her own tea-set in the nursery-closet for Carry. Then she amused herself most of the day wondering what her friend would say when she discovered what she had left for her. The Judge, finding he had some time to spare, decided to take Susie to New York for a day, before they went home. The child had never been away from home before, and was of course delighted to prolong her journey; though she told her father she did wish George and the mother and the baby were with them. Her father proposed that she should buy them each a present in New York, and this idea pleased her very much, as she had a whole dollar of her own money. They drove in the buggy as far as P., where the railroad to New York then began. There they left Charley with a farmer whom the Judge knew, who promised to drive him home for them the next day, while they themselves took the cars. On their arrival at New York, Susie was very much bewildered at first with the rumble of carriages, the crowds of people, and the general confusion and bustle of a large city.

The Judge took her into several of the largest stores, and to some of the picture-galleries

in the morning. And after a dinner at what Susie thought must be the most beautiful hotel in the whole world, they started out sight-seeing. At one of the museums the Judge met his friend General Moulton. The General, being fond of children, talked a good deal with Susie, and told her he should have the pleasure of going to G. in the same train with her and her father. The General invited them both to drive with him, and the Judge accepted the invitation, but was surprised that Susie did not care to go. He soon discovered, however, that she was depending upon buying the presents for the family that afternoon. So the Judge excused himself from the drive, explaining the reason. The General seemed much pleased at Susie's desire to spend her dollar for others, and proposed to call for them in two hours. Susie thought that she could buy her presents in that time. So it was arranged that the presents should be bought, and that they should have the drive too. The Judge took her to one of the large fancy stores, and after much deliberation a gold thimble was decided upon for the mother, and a large rocking-horse for George, which was to go by express. Next, Susie found what she thought the very prettiest doll she had ever seen, for

baby Anna. After deciding upon these things, Susie told her father she did hope she should have at least ten cents left. The Judge told her there was just a ten-cent piece remaining, so she at once bought a pen-wiper, which she gave to her father. Then the child was utterly happy; for the only present she had herself received, she had given up to her



friend, and she had spent every cent of her dollar for others. She had no idea that each one of her presents cost a great many dollars, as was of course the case with all but the pen-wiper. The General called for them as agreed, and Susie was as happy as possible during her long and pleasant drive. But the little head was glad enough to rest when bed-time came.

The next morning they found General Moulton waiting for them at the station with one of his aides. The General talked a good deal to Susie, and when the aide went to sleep, the General tried very hard to make Susie kiss the young man, in order to win a pair of gloves. Perhaps some of the children who will read this story do not know that this is the forfeit that a gentleman has to pay if a little girl kisses him when he is asleep. The General tried in every way he could to make Susie kiss his aide, promising the child the prettiest pair of blue kid gloves in New York, if she would. But Susie was much too proper, as well as bashful, although the offered prize was something she had never owned. In those days children did not wear kid gloves, as they do now. In fact, they could only be bought in large cities, so that a pair of kid gloves was the greatest luxury that could be offered a child. But Susie remained firm, and the aide awoke without her having kissed him. Susie and the Judge arrived home just before tea, and Susie said it was "the best fun of all" opening the presents she had bought in New York. Every one said she had bought them just what they liked best. The mother said her thimble was much too handsome to use, so she locked it up in a

drawer to *look* at once in a while. After Susie had been home for about a week, a package was left at the door directed to her. Upon opening it, she found a lovely pair of white kid gloves, which looked hardly large enough for her doll. But upon trying them on, they were found to be a most perfect fit for her own little hands. A note came with them from General Moulton, asking Susie to wear the gloves, and telling her he had been all over New York to find a pair of blue ones, without success. As he could not find any, he had sent white ones instead. He hoped she would like these as well. The child was perfectly delighted with her present. She had never felt so proud of anything before. The next Sunday she decided that she must wear the kid gloves to church, just to let the people in town know she *owned* this piece of magnificence, and then she would put them away for some great occasion. She insisted upon walking all the way to church with her hands stretched out far in front of her, for fear the gloves would touch her dress and get soiled. And all church-time she kept her hands out in this peculiar style, that people might not fail to notice the white kid gloves. But alas! coming home, the child stumbled over a stone,

and before her father could save her she had fallen upon her face, and the little gloved hands, all spread out as she had kept them the whole morning, had gone into a little pool of water. Poor Susie, although her face was covered with mud, and a good deal scratched, cared nothing for the pain; her sorrow and tears were all for the pretty white gloves,



which were of course utterly ruined. The little girl to be sure cried some, but upon the whole she behaved so well that the Judge promised her another pair just like them, the very first time he went to New York or Boston. That night, after Susie had said her prayers, and kissed her father good-night, she told the

Judge, that she should like another pair of kid gloves very much ; but she thought she had better not have any, because, she said, she had felt so proud of the gloves, and had been so afraid that every one in church would not see them, that she could think of nothing else. The Judge said no word of approbation, but I am sure his very tender good-night expressed some of his thoughts toward his little one, which filled his heart. And let me add that Susie grew up to be as unselfish, lovely, and self-sacrificing a woman, as she had been a docile, sweet-tempered, and conscientious child.



**THE SQUIRRELS.**

**THE** first squirrel which belonged to the family was a flying one. She was a gentle, pleasant creature, and ran about the house without any restraint, leaping from head to head, just as her fancy prompted. Her favorite seat in the evening was on the white cap of the children's aunt, who sat knitting quietly

in an arm-chair, and was much more to be depended on than the restless young people. She liked to sleep in coat pockets, and was carried about in this way by her young master, wherever he went. Sometimes, when he was making an evening call, the squirrel would suddenly wake up, and come out of her snug bed much to the surprise of all present. Once, when her friend was arguing a case in court, he grew eloquent, and his gestures woke the squirrel, which ran out of his pocket, and all about the court-room, making everybody laugh, and spoiling the effect of the speech.

The next pet of this kind was a pretty gray squirrel, which lived in a closet in the law-office, and was as fond of being caressed and fondled as any kitten.

The success of this experiment led to the adoption of a pair of young gray squirrels, and these proved as amusing and as troublesome as any pets could well be. They were full of fun and mischief, and so quick, and nimble, and unexpected in all their motions, that they caused endless laughter; but they could never be thoroughly tamed, and to the last would never permit stroking or caressing for more than a minute at a time. They had a cage with a wheel, but were seldom confined in it,

being generally allowed to roam about, hiding nuts under all the loose papers, and making nests perpetually in all the bags and baskets in the house. Every letter, paper, or piece of cloth, lost by any one, was sure to be found in one of these nests. Sometimes, if they could think of no better hiding-place, they would dart suddenly on some person, tuck a nut down the back of his neck, and scratch furiously at



his hair, trying to pull it over the hidden treasure. The worst of this was that they never forgot a nut which they had hidden ; and if they did not see the unfortunate person again for a week, would run up his back the instant he appeared, and not finding the nut, would fly into a rage, and bite him. They always seemed to move together by one impulse. Sometimes they would dart, quick as lightning, on to the tea-table, scatter the bread in all

directions, and each seizing a slice as large as himself, would retire to the backs of two chairs and nibble away busily, holding the bread with both paws. One of their favorite games was pretending to be afraid of anything. They would play in this way with an India-rubber shoe for an hour at a time, creeping slowly up to it, and then jumping suddenly sideways, as if frightened almost to death. They had no gratitude, and no affection for any one. Susie was appointed their keeper, and they soon learned that it was her business to bring them food. As soon as they saw her, they would run both together into her pocket, in search of nuts; but if she had the misfortune to meet them when her pocket was empty, they would fly at her hands and bite them viciously. In summer they were allowed to go out of doors and play on the trees and on the roof of the house, and would always come home at night when Susie called them. One day one of them wandered into the window of a neighbor's attic. An Irish girl who lived in the room, found him there, and ran in a great fright to her mistress. "O ma'am," said she, "there is a camel in my room." — "A camel, Bridget?" — "Yes, ma'am; there is a great big thing on my bed, with a brush for a tail; I think it's a

camel." Her mistress went up and found poor Bunny sitting on a bed-post. They had no fear of anything, and one of them paid dear for his courage and confidence in human nature. He wandered into a neighbor's barn, and seeing an Irishman there, of course ran up to him, expecting to be fed. "Ho!" said Patrick, "here's the little thing that eats my chickens," and killed poor innocent Bunny with a pitchfork. The squirrel which survived grew crosser than ever, when left alone; and at last, when he had gone so far as to tear a lady's cap all to pieces, because she tried to put away a basket of nuts which he chose to consider his property, he was condemned to imprisonment in his cage. After a time he escaped, and Susie, for one, was not sorry.

## A FROLIC.

THERE had been a great commotion all the morning; several guests were visiting at the house, and they and all the neighbors were going in the afternoon to the glen. So a ham was boiled, and sandwiches were made, cold tea was put up in bottles, lemons and sugar were packed for lemonade, pails of ice were stowed under the seats of the carryall, and all sorts of things were done in preparation for the picnic. Little Tom was rather neglected in the confusion, and enjoyed himself greatly, as neglected children always do. Perhaps time would have been saved by appointing five or six people to watch him and do nothing else, for the mischief he accomplished in that one morning of liberty was wonderful. In the first place, he "cleaned house" by dipping a wet cloth in the earth in a flower-pot, and rubbing it over the new, light-colored paper in the dining-room. Then he went to the kitchen, where a fire was burning in the large brick oven, and seiz-

ing a moment when Nancy's back was turned, he threw in stick after stick of wood until the oven was crammed full. "Well," said Nancy, as she picked the burning wood out, stick by stick, "of all the children I ever did see!" Then he rummaged about in the shed and found a bag of guano. He thought it was ginger, and the idea struck him that if he mixed it with the flour, all the bread would be ginger-bread in future, so he dragged it along, and succeeded in pouring it into the flour-barrel, and was found stirring it in with a stick. He meant no harm, and was very much grieved when he found that his conduct was considered very wrong. He had been promised that he should go out to see the carriages, which were to assemble at the Judge's door, in order to set out together, and as Susie found him very dirty when she came home from school, she undertook to make him nice: so she washed him, and curled his hair, and dressed him entirely in white; then she left him a few minutes on the front door-steps, telling him to watch for carriages. While she was away Tom found a hoe and dug a large hole in his mother's flower-bed, and when Susie came back she found him sitting in this hole, and busily trying to bury himself. She had just time to

brush some of the dirt off his white dress and yellow-curls, when the carriages began to arrive, and in a few minutes the party had started, and left Susie and her two best friends gazing mournfully after them.

The girls came slowly back into the yard, and sat down on the door-steps. Each told what her mother had carried as a contribution to the picnic, and for a little while each found comfort in the secret thought that *her* mother's things were the nicest of all, though they were too polite to mention this idea. But it is a very dismal thing to be left behind by a pleasure-party, and the little girls felt very sad. "They might just as well have taken us," said Dora; "school does not keep this afternoon, and we have nothing to do. I don't see why they didn't take us."

"There wasn't room," said Mabel; "all the horses and carriages have gone, and they are all full of grown-up people."

"Our old brown farm-horse is at home," said Susie, "but there would not be anybody to drive us."

"Poh," said Dora, "I can drive as well as anybody; let's go now."

"Eben would harness for us, I know," said Susie, "but Hannah's gone, and I promised



mother that I would take care of Tom all the afternoon."

"Never mind," said Dora, "we'll take him with us."

"But," said Mabel, thoughtfully, "do you suppose our mothers will like to have us go without leave?"

"Of course they will," said Dora, promptly; "they would have taken us, I know, only there wasn't room enough, and they never thought of the old brown horse."

This animal did not belong to the family, but was a stupid, rough-looking old nag, hired for some extra work which was being done on the farm. Eben felt that the girls could take it without danger of being run away with, but no vehicle fit for use had been left behind. However, the girls were not easily discouraged, and declared themselves perfectly satisfied with an old farm-wagon without any seat, and with a large hole in the bottom. Then an old, worn-out harness was hunted up, and Eben tied it together with rope to make it safe. So they set off. One of the girls knelt in front to drive, and the others sat on the bottom, and kept Tom from falling through the hole. They were delighted with their equipage, and thought it much better fun than a proper horse

and chaise. At all events, the horse could not complain of the wagon, or the wagon of the harness, for they all looked very much alike. The drive was a long one, and the girls found it rather warm, as they had not thought of parasols; but they enjoyed themselves highly, and laughed and chattered all the way. They



stopped once or twice to inquire about the road, but at last arrived safely at the place where the horses of the first party had been left. Here they found several drivers with the carriages; these men laughed a good deal at the queer equipage, but agreed to take care of it and drive it with the others to the head of the glen, where they were to meet the party in about

an hour. So the girls walked along by the side of the brook, till the banks grew so steep that they could not walk on them, and could only get along by stepping from stone to stone in the brook itself. Soon they came to cascades, and found that the only way to pass them was by climbing up the almost perpendicular rocks over which the water fell. It was considered impossible for ladies to go through the glen without a great deal of assistance from gentlemen, but the girls, in their short dresses, scrambled over the rocks like so many squirrels, and managed to pass Tom from hand to hand so that he was not wet. As they went deeper into the glen, the great beauty and solitude of the place made even the little girls feel rather quiet, and they left off chattering long before they came to the party they were seeking. At last they found them seated round a deep, clear, little basin of water, at the foot of the highest waterfall they had yet seen. You may imagine the shouts of surprise with which the girls were greeted by their friends, who supposed them at home ten miles away. They had never thought that they were doing wrong, but as soon as they caught their mothers' eyes, they saw that their exploit was not approved, and suddenly became conscious of

their disorderly appearance, with their dragged dresses and hair blown about by the wind. A conviction came upon each, that she would probably be reproved as soon as she was alone with her family. This was very sad to Susie, for a scolding was a dreadful thing to her; while easy, good-natured, indifferent Dora took praise and blame very much alike. However, the girls were greeted with applause from all of the party not nearly enough related to them to be mortified, and Tom received unlimited petting from every one. The provisions were unpacked, and all were quite ready for them, after their long ride, and scramble through the brook. They all remained an hour or two, enjoying the lovely spot, and then slowly took their way up the glen, climbing the sides of several new cascades, each more beautiful than the other, and coming out of the glen at last just as the sun was setting. They found the carriages waiting, and the equipage which had brought the girls, was greeted with peals of laughter, as one after another of the party caught sight of it. Tom's mother took him into the carriage with her, and wrapped him in a shawl which she had fortunately brought, and the girls returned as they came. The old brown nag could not be made to keep pace

with the other horses, so one of the carriages remained behind the others to keep the girls company. It was quite dark when they got home, and in the hurry of the late tea, Susie's mother forgot the well-deserved reproof, and let us hope that for once the other mothers



were also forgetful. While putting Tom to bed, however, the mother talked to him about his morning's mischief, and tried to make him understand its naughtiness. He seemed very penitent, and agreed readily to pray to be made better; so he folded his little hands and

said very earnestly: "O God, mother wants you to make me a better boy, — that's what mother wants; and, dear God, I want to go to the glen again, — that's what I want."

**PERO.**

**PERO** was a splendid large Newfoundland dog, with a white spot under his neck, and white paws. He had a beautiful head and large brown eyes, full of tenderness and courage. He liked everybody, and everybody liked him. He was intimate with all the other animals on the place, and especially fond of a beautiful gray horse named Charlie, with which he used to run races, and frolic in the orchard. Pero would jump up, and pretend to bite Charlie's nose; then Charlie would run after him in turn, and make believe to trample on him. They really almost laughed. His

other especial friend was a tiny white kitten, that liked to sit on his back as he lay in the sun, or before the fire. It was very funny to see her trying patiently to dry her huge friend with her little bit of a tongue, when he came in dripping wet from a bath in the river. His only fault was a disposition to come into the house in this state, and lie down wherever he found a warm place, without respect for parlor carpets or clean kitchen floors. In summer he was often scrubbed in a large tub in the barn, and his curly black hair combed out, till he looked as nice as any dandy; but if he could possibly escape after his bath, he would roll over and over in the dirty street, until he looked like a brown dog instead of a black one.

Several times the door-bell rang, and no one could be seen when the door was opened, except Pero, standing gravely on the upper step, and ready to come in. This was supposed to be a trick of some boy, until one of the children undertook to watch for the rogue, and caught Pero himself, pulling the bell-handle with his teeth.

He had a very keen scent, and took great pride in displaying his powers. Sometimes the children would leave him in the parlor



while they hid a glove among the hay in the barn ; but he never failed to find it. If George lost a mitten, he had only to show the mate of it to Pero, who would bring it, though it might have been dropped a mile from home. He would come in with his tail wagging, and his eyes glistening with delight at his success ; and when he had been praised as he knew he deserved to be, would stretch himself on the rug, with his head on the Judge's feet, and take a good nap to rest himself.

His good nature was unbounded, and his friends could take any liberties with him. But this was the good nature of conscious strength. " It is the gentle heart that makes the hero," in dogs and men, and Pero was a faithful and fierce watch-dog, and a tremendous fighter in a good cause. At one time, when George was from home, his rabbits escaped, and ran wild around the garden. They were a great temptation to the dogs that passed by, and would soon have been eaten up, if Pero had not taken them under his protection, and driven away everybody who meddled with them. One day, after chasing a dog a long distance, he came quietly into the nursery, and gently dropped in the mother's lap a little white rabbit, which had lain entirely

concealed in his great mouth. He had saved its life, and brought it entirely unhurt, though rather damp, to his mistress. He was not in the least quarrelsome, and never hurt a little dog under any provocation, but he would not endure insults from dogs of his own size ; so sometimes he had hard fights.

One day he was attacked by a large, fierce bull-dog, and a dreadful fight began. A



crowd gathered round, and all the women of the family ran out, begging that some one would separate the dogs. But the men explained that it was very dangerous to interfere between such ferocious animals ; so the women cried, and the men looked placidly on ; and the dogs fought, and might have torn each other in pieces, if George had not appeared on the scene. He came running at full speed,

broke through the ring of men, and seized the bull-dog round the throat. Then the men were ashamed not to help him, and George soon emerged from the group, dragging Pero with him. Pero's eyes were red with rage, and he was uttering frightful growls, but he still retained sense enough not to hurt his best friend. Those who saw George do things like this in his boyhood, did not wonder afterwards, that one regiment never broke its ranks, though all around it fled, and it was more than once left to face the foe alone. Soon after this fight, as Pero was dragging the wagon with the baby in it, the bull-dog sprang suddenly upon him, and seized his head in his mouth. Then Pero's conduct was wonderful. He seemed to know that to struggle would overturn the baby, and he stood perfectly still, without even a growl, until he was released, though it took a long time and an iron crowbar to loosen the bull-dog's grip. Pero was badly hurt, and was obliged to stay in the house some days to be nursed; but the next time the two dogs met, there was no one near to separate them, and they fought until the bull-dog was completely conquered. He ever after acknowledged Pero as his master, and they never fought again.

Pero lived to be very old, and his loss at last was such a grief to all, that the mother resolved never to have another dog. How she broke this resolution, and what direful troubles came upon the family in consequence, I will tell you another time.

## NELLY.

ONE evening Susie was sitting in the nursery with a book, wondering when the Judge and the mother would be at home. They had been away a whole fortnight, and it was very lonely, especially now the younger children were in bed. By and by she grew interested in her book, and had forgotten herself altogether, when she heard a horse's quick step, and the word "whoa," at the great gate. She flew down-stairs and into the arms of the Judge, then into the carriage, where her mother still sat. After a minute, her mother said, "What horse is that by the fence?"

"It must be Mr. Dickenson's," said Susie.

"No," said the mother, "that is not so large as Mr. Dickenson's horse."

Susie went up to it, and exclaimed, "Why, it is tied to the fence!"

Then the Judge and the mother laughed, and soon Susie learned that they had brought the horse home as a present to her. She was

wild with delight, and lay awake half the night, wishing for morning, that she might see and ride the new treasure.

Morning came, and the little creature looked as pretty by daylight as she had done in dreams. She was snow-white, with a long white mane, and a white tail which almost touched the ground. She was a gentle, petted creature, and kept time to music as nicely as if she had been taught at dancing-school. But Susie could not ride without a saddle, and how to procure one in the village was a puzzle. In the course of the day, however, Mr. Lysippus Suppersen heard of the matter, and came to say that Aunt Cynthia Suppersen had a saddle which she would like to sell. Lysippus was asked to bring it, and it was pronounced a good one. Then all was ready for a ride, and Miss Susie felt as grand as you please when she mounted her little horse, and flourished the little white riding-whip which George had given her.

Then came the nicest times. Susie's most intimate friend had a horse also, and every day through the summer, and far into the cold autumn, they rode together. They learned to mount and dismount without help, and had their habits made to loop up, so they could

leave their horses tied, and go into the woods, or stop and make a visit, or do anything that their fancy prompted. A favorite pleasure was to leave the road and ride into some of the cool, tempting wood-paths, which opened at the wayside. Beautiful places these were, the track just wide enough for the two horses, the



trees meeting overhead, the ground under their feet carpeted with moss, wild flowers, ground-pine, partridge-berries, and other pretty things, and the air filled with the scent of sweet-fern. Sometimes the path would lead them out to some lovely new view of the country, and sometimes it would end abruptly in the depth of the wood, but it was all the same to them.

The charm was in always taking a new path, and never knowing where they should find themselves at the end of it.

Occasionally they went to take tea with an old lady who lived on the mountain. The road to her house followed the course of a lively brook which tumbled down the sides of the mountain in a series of little cascades which you sometimes saw, and always heard as you rode slowly up under the great arching trees. Then they were sure of a kind welcome and the most delicious things for tea. But the ride home when it began to grow dark, and the girls were just a little frightened, was the best of all.

But the greatest of all pleasures was a ride with the Judge. Susie will never forget those rides, and the wise, patient way in which the Judge talked with her, and listened to her opinions, and corrected them as gravely and politely as if she had been a grown lady. But Susie was not the only one who enjoyed Nelly. The little sister of eight became an expert rider, and even the smallest brother learned to ride about the orchard.

All this time Nelly grew more and more a pet. She would always come readily to Susie, though it was rather hard for any one else to



catch her. Susie would take some corn in a sieve, and her little brother by the hand, and walk out to the pasture. As soon as Nelly saw them, she would start towards them with her pretty racking gait; and after she had eaten the grain, would let the little boy be put on her back, and come patiently home to be washed, and dried, and saddled. But if the man went for her, she would kick up her heels, and prance off, and lead him quite a chase before she would consent to be caught. The man was very fond of her, and Susie's mother used to say, laughingly, that she expected him some day to bring Nelly up into the nursery, as he constantly did pet lambs and chickens, and even little white pigs, to amuse the baby. When the Judge was going to ride, Kendall always found some excuse for giving him the other horse, and the family soon began to suspect that he thought the Judge too heavy for Nelly. He always had such good reasons to give, that the Judge was obliged to submit, though Lenox was very large, and hard to ride, while Nelly had a gentle gait, just suited to a stout gentleman.

Kendall was a very sober-minded and austere looking person, who looked down on youthful follies; but Susie used to coax him to braid

Nelly's mane and tail at night in multitudes of little braids, so that she appeared the next day with her hair crinkled, just as the young ladies wear their hair now. It was suspected that Nelly some time or other belonged to a circus, for she kept time to music, and was always perfectly delighted with a military company. She never looked prettier than when capering to the music. But Nelly was not faultless any more than the rest of us, and some of her faults were very inconvenient ones. Sometimes, when she had gone a mile or two, she would turn suddenly round, and set off for home at full speed. Sometimes she would stand stock-still, and refuse to move at all. Susie made good use of the little white whip, and was generally victorious, though once she was disgracefully beaten. She was riding alone past a very pleasant green field, where several horses were feeding, when Nelly espied an inviting set of bars, and instantly put her nose over them, and remained looking at her friends in the field, in spite of all remonstrances. Susie tried alternately whipping and coaxing, but Nelly was utterly obstinate, and seemed to have made up her mind to spend the afternoon in this manner. Susie was just upon the point of getting off and leading her

when she saw a gentleman coming along the road on a horse which was famous as the fastest racer in town. When Nelly saw this horse, she seemed to think he would be better company than those in the field, and started for home like a lamb. Indeed, she acquitted herself so well in a trotting match on the way, that her mistress forgave her ill conduct.

Nelly was very swift for her size, and always tried to pass every horse she saw ahead of her, but it made her very angry to be beaten in a race. One day she was running her fastest, when, finding she must at last be vanquished, she suddenly threw up her heels, landed Miss Susie in the middle of the road, turned round, and started for home. Susie was not at all hurt, but very much surprised to find herself seated in the road without the least warning. Nelly was caught, and Susie finished her ride without any more racing, but rode quietly home as if nothing unusual had happened, and said not a word of her mortifying adventure for many a long day. Nelly and her mistress grew more and more fond of each other, in spite of occasional disagreements during the three years they spent together. But Susie grew so old, that she was sent away to school; so Nelly and her mistress have never met since.

## JACK AND GILL.



ONE day the Judge met a boy with two young crows, which he had just stolen from the nest ; and fearing the boy might be cruel to the little birds, he brought them home.

The children were delighted, as it is very difficult to obtain young crows. The old ones build in such inaccessible places, generally the tops of very tall pine-trees, that it is only the most active boys who can climb as far as the rough bunches of sticks which serve them for nests.

While very young they were rather quiet, but soon grew tame and affectionate. They were named Jack and Gill, and were so much alike that only their most intimate friends could tell one from the other. Their voices were strangely human in their tone, and they sometimes seemed almost to speak, especially when they were angry, or very much pleased.

Jack disappeared very soon, and it was always supposed that he fell a victim to the wild crows, who always seem very angry with any of their race who have been tamed, and chase and try to kill them, whenever they have an opportunity. Gill did not pine, but seemed to like his human friends quite as well as his brother; he followed the family about wherever they went, seemed interested in all that was going on, and when several people were talking on any subject, he always joined in with a voluble cawing, which sounded like very wise advice. He flew in and out of all the chamber windows, and roosted on everything available, sometimes even on the heads of the members of the family. He looked blacker than ever when perched on the long, yellow curls of the little girl. The only room which he never visited was the kitchen, which was presided over at that time by the crossest of

cooks, who hated Gill as much as he hated her. When they sometimes met in the shed, Gill always flew up to the rafters in a great hurry; and when he was safe out of her reach, would scold at her in such a perfect imitation of her own voice and manner, that she would be more angry than ever; and it was indescribably funny to hear them, especially when Gill's chief friend, old Joe, joined in, and defended the crow from "that ar critter," as he always called the cook.

Joe was a very large negro, as black as ebony, and with hair as white as the wool on a sheep's back. He had been a slave in his boyhood, but ran away when very young, and came to the Judge's father when the Judge was quite a boy. He was the most faithful and affectionate creature alive, and had a strange sort of love for the Judge, made up of his respect for the man, and his fondness for the boy whom he remembered so long ago. He took as much pains with all the Judge's possessions under his care, as if they had been his own; but his two greatest delights were Gill and the great wood-pile.

When he started out with a hoe, Gill always followed, hopping along at his side, talking sociably, and cocking up his little bright black

eyes knowingly. When Joe began to dig, Gill always stood quiet until he saw a worm, then he turned one eye up to Joe, and said "Caw," and the old man always stopped long enough for him to catch the worm. When the Judge walked out with the children, Gill liked to go too, and kept close to his friends all the way,



sometimes hopping along on the ground, sometimes flying short distances, and sometimes riding on somebody's head, but always chattering incessantly, and turning his head on one side, and twinkling his eyes when spoken to. Sometimes a little Maltese kitty went with the party, and of course Pero, the dog, never

allowed the children to set off without his protection ; so there would be quite a procession. The kitty would make a very brave start, running along the fences, and frolicking about, but was apt to tire herself out, and be brought home in arms.

Gill liked to ride on horseback, and hit upon a very ingenious plan for gratifying this taste. He would alight on the head of some one riding by, and cling till the rider felt his hat growing heavy, and put up his hand to learn what was the matter. Then Gill would rise a foot or two in the air until the hand was taken down, when he would instantly settle himself again. Sometimes it would be a long time before the rider discovered who was playing him such a trick.

But Gill had one fault, which was really inexcusable in a crow so well brought up, and living always under the eye of a Judge : he was a shocking thief. He stole everything small and bright that came in his way ; even the mother's dahlia buds did not escape, but were all picked as soon as they began to show the bright color. He stole thimbles, and penknives, and pencils innumerable ; and having discovered a school in the neighborhood, he visited it so often, that the teacher dared not



leave his windows open a moment when there was no one to watch the pens and pencils. Once he flew into a neighbor's dining-room just as the table was nicely laid for tea, and seized a beautiful little pat of yellow butter; he got just outside the house with it, when it slipped from his beak, and he lost it. It was supposed that he had a hiding-place for his spoils, and a thorough search was made through all the premises, but nothing was ever found.

At last he disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as Jack had done, and was very much missed in the family circle, though it was found very convenient to be able to lay down a tea-spoon, with a reasonable prospect of seeing it again.

His friend, old Joe, did not stay very long after him. He had a bad fall; and though he insisted on doing his work for a few days after the accident, was soon obliged to take to his bed. He was a strange, patient man, perfectly uncomplaining, and pleased with everything done for him by those he loved, but unwilling to be served by any menial hands. A colored woman was engaged to take care of him, but he could not bear to have her touch him. "Have you taken your medicine, Joe?" the

mother would say. "Don't know, marm, don't know, marm; that ar wench give me something; don't know what it was, marm," he would reply. So the mother had him moved to the nursery, which opened from her own room, and gave him all his medicines with her own hand. There he lay for many weeks, growing weaker, but peaceful and contented, and always keeping a bright smile for the baby, who was daily taken to visit him.

His last earthly care was for his wood-pile. "O marm," he would say, "don't let that ar boy waste the dry wood." He was for a long time so weak that he was fed with a tea-spoon; he was very grateful when his mistress did this for him, but his whole face beamed with happiness when the Judge sat by the bed and fed him.

At last one day the children took their last look at their old friend; they felt very solemn, but their mother spoke cheerfully to them of Joe's great happiness, and tried to make them feel that he was now receiving the reward of his long and patient labors. They have now only happy thoughts of old Joe, but can never think of him without remembering his little friend Gill at the same instant.

## ANNA'S BLINDNESS.

"I **HARDLY** know what to do with little Anna, her eyes seem to trouble her so much," said the mother, one day, as the Judge was getting ready to go to his office.

"Perhaps if you cut off her hair, it may do her some good," said the Judge.

Now Anna had the most beautiful thick hair, which hung in long brown curls far below her waist, and the mother felt that she could never cut them off, although she could not but agree with the Judge, in thinking that perhaps Anna had more hair than she had strength to bear. Day after day went by, and Anna seemed all the while to grow worse, till finally her eyes became so weak that the mother sent for the doctor.

As soon as Dr. H. saw the child, he said her curls must all be cut off, and that she must have a change of air.

So when the doctor had left, the mother knew that what she had been dreading could

no longer be postponed, and her child's beautiful hair must be cut. So taking a pair of large sharp scissors, and holding Anna in her lap, she cut off one curl after another; and as each one fell, the mother felt as though she was losing a piece of her child.

When the deed was accomplished, and Anna stood before her with her little pale face looking hardly half its original size, and what hair was left upon her head all uneven and ragged, the mother could control herself no longer. Taking Anna into her lap again, she had a good cry.

I think the mother was excusable for her weakness, for Anna was certainly a forlorn looking object.

When they saw the Judge coming into the yard, the mother told Anna to run and open the door for him, and see what he would say to her.

"Why! is it possible you are my little Anna," said the Judge, as he took her in his arms. "How changed you are!" But when he examined her head all cropped in notches, he laughed heartily, and told the mother that in future he should employ no other barber than herself, she had succeeded so well with Anna's hair. Whereupon Anna gravely asked

if barbers cried too when they cut people's hair.

After consulting with two or three physicians as to where it would be best to take Anna, it was decided that the mineral waters at W. might do the child good. So the mother and Anna started for this place to stay as long as Anna was happy and well.

Her eyes had become so weak by this time that she hardly ever opened them.

The house where their rooms were engaged, was a very large one, and seemed full of windows, so it was of course very light. The mother at once had her own room darkened as much as possible, but even then Anna said she "felt the light." Finally the child discovered that she could sit under the bed, and it seemed to be the only place where she could ever open her eyes.

The bed was an enormous one, and very high, so that the child could almost stand up under it. Here she lived for weeks, hardly leaving the place, except to be put into the bed at night. She kept a little chair, a pillow, and her dolls there all the time.

The people who owned the house had a large black dog named Rover; and as soon as Anna saw this dog, she tried to make friends

with him. But Rover, being unaccustomed to children, was at first inclined to be a little cross. But before many days they had become fast friends. And soon Rover spent almost all his time under the bed with Anna and the dolls.

The other people who were boarding in the house, used to go berrying a great deal, and Anna thought she should be quite happy if she was only well enough to go too. She had never picked berries from the bush, and was very desirous to do so. So one day the mother hired a boy to go into the fields and cut some of the huckleberry bushes and bring them to her. And while Anna was having her nap, the mother arranged the bushes under the bed so that Anna could pick off the berries herself. You never saw a child more delighted than she was when she found them there. But she would not pick one till Rover had been sent for to come and admire them too.

As soon as Rover found he was expected to show some pleasure at this addition to their play-room, he manifested his approval by twisting himself round and round, and whisking his tail about in such an alarming manner that there was hardly a berry left upon the

bushes by the time he had become composed, and lay down upon some thousand which he had shaken all about the floor.

After this Anna and Rover took a lunch every day of huckleberries and bread and milk. Anna liked the berries better than the bread, and Rover would not touch the berries. So Anna ate all berries, and Rover all bread, and they would share the milk between them.

You see they lived very much like Jack Sprat and his wife. The platter was certainly licked clean, for Rover always attended to that part.

Notwithstanding the mineral water which Anna drank all the time and in which she was bathed every day, she lost strength very fast, and finally her eyes seemed to have closed never to open. She would lie almost all day under the bed with her head on Rover, while the dolls were left neglected, and the mother was obliged to pick the huckleberries for her, they being the only thing she would eat.

The mother found that Anna, instead of getting better, as she had hoped, was losing what little strength she had.

When the Judge came for his usual weekly visit, the mother told him she thought she had best take Anna to Boston and see if Dr.

R. could not help her. But when Anna heard that she was to leave, she was so unhappy at the idea of going without Rover, that the Judge tried to buy the dog. The people who owned him were of course very unwilling to part with so valuable a dog, though the Judge said he would pay any price they asked. But they said no amount of money would tempt them to part with him. Still, when they saw the poor little blind girl, with her pale thin face, and both arms round Rover's neck, crying as though her heart would break at the mere thought of leaving him, while Rover, with a most distressed look in his large soft eyes, would give every little while a low whine in sympathy with the child's grief, the good people could refuse no longer.

"The dog already loves the child better than either the old woman or myself," said the man, "and she must take Rover away with her."

The Judge could not persuade the people to take any pay, however. The man said the Judge might keep Rover as long as he was any comfort to the little blind girl, but when she did not need him any longer, he should like to have Rover back again. So the Judge thanked the kind people, and took Rover away from them, for little Anna's sake.



A few days after the family left, the man of the house received an envelope containing a fifty-dollar bill.

"Well, I declare!" said the man's wife, when she saw it. "Them people certainly is the very best I ever see."

"I always heard," said the man, "that no one never could get the better of that are Judge, and I believe it too."

They guessed at once from whom the money came, though no name was sent with it. A week after their return to G. the mother and Anna and Rover started for Boston.

Poor little Anna was too ill to hold her head up, so she had pillows and shawls arranged on one seat, while the mother sat opposite and Rover placed himself at Anna's feet, and every now and then would poke his cold nose in her face to make sure she was all right.

The Judge was obliged to hold court away from home that week, and the mother, feeling unwilling to wait a day longer than she could possibly help, had set out while he was away.

Rover seemed to consider that he was brought expressly to attend to Anna, and was very restless and unhappy when the cars became crowded, and he was obliged to leave his place, in order to make room for a lady who took the

seat by the side of the mother. He would walk down to the end of the car, and then come back, to find the lady still in his place, calmly reading. Then he would look at her a moment and lie down in the aisle of the car. But he would remain there hardly two moments before he would be up again, poking his great nose in Anna's face or kissing her hands. After many attempts to make the lady understand that she had his place and that the child was his care, with no success, he became impatient. Seating himself directly in front of the mother, and looking into her face, he gave one long, loud howl. This proceeding certainly aroused the lady, who, thinking the dog must be mad, left the seat by the mother very quickly. Rover, with an air of most perfect satisfaction, resumed his place at Anna's feet, and would not move from there till they arrived in Boston.

They went directly to the Tremont House, where the Judge had engaged a large front room for the mother, and a small room opening out of it, which could be made quite dark. The large room had two windows in it, which looked upon Tremont Street, and here at these windows Rover spent a great deal of time watching the people and dogs who went past

the house. When he saw any one who looked like a friend, he would almost wag his tail off. If he saw a large dog whom he thought he should like to fight, he would utter a low growl ; and if the dog ran down the street and took no notice of his challenge, Rover would become indignant, and ask to be allowed to run out and pursue the enemy. Then Anna would have to use all her powers of pleasing to coax him away from the door, till finally he would forget the insult offered him by that dog, and watch for another one to come along. All this amused Anna so often that the mother felt she could hardly have passed all those weeks at the hotel had Rover not been with her to play with her child.

The day after they arrived in Boston the mother sent for Dr. R., who, beside being a very fine physician, was an old friend of the family. As soon as he saw Anna, he told the mother he was sure he could cure the child's eyes. This of course made the mother very happy and glad that she had undertaken the journey. In a few days Anna began to improve, and each day she could stay in the light room a little longer, till soon she only went into her little dark room when she became tired.

Each pleasant morning the mother, Anna,

and Rover would take a drive, and they often stopped at some friend's house, where they would sometimes spend a whole day. Once they stopped at Mrs. Chardon's, who was a very dear friend of the mother's. This lady had four little girls, and one of them was just Anna's age.

They had taken a longer drive than usual that morning, and when they arrived at Mrs. Chardon's, poor little Anna was so tired, and her eyes pained her so much, that the mother was obliged to put her on a sofa in a dark room, where she remained for an hour. Wherever Anna was, there Rover always stayed; so now, as usual, he lay at her feet and took care of her, while the mother remained with the family.

In about an hour May Chardon asked Anna to play with her in the nursery. "I have drawn the curtains tight over the windows, and pinned them together," said May, "and the room is almost dark. Won't you come?"

At first Anna felt as though she could not move, but at last May persuaded her to go with her, and in a very few moments the two children were playing together as happily as possible.

"Why," said May, "I thought you were

blind, but I guess you can see as well as I can."

"No, I can't," said Anna, "I only see out of one eye; and a little while ago, I could not open either of them."

"And does the light hurt them?" asked May, deeply interested.

"I guess it does," said Anna; "when I get tired, they feel just as if some one had filled them full of knives, if I stay in a light room. And that's not charming, I can tell you."

Mrs. Chardon had given May a little dress belonging to the baby, and the child had dressed her doll in it, and played it was *her* baby.

"I wish mother would let us have another dress, and then you could have a baby too," said May. "I guess I'll run down stairs, and ask for one."

In a few moments she was back in the nursery, with a pretty white dress, all embroidered and tucked, which she said Anna might have for her doll. So the children played they were sisters, and that Rover was the grandmother of both babies.

"I am glad Rover is black," said May, "because we can play she has on a black dress. I guess all grandmothers wear black dresses."

Anna had one part of the nursery for her house, and May had another part for her house. Rover had *his* house on the mat, just outside the door.

When the children first went into the nursery, Rover had placed himself there, and now he insisted upon going back to the mat, instead of living in the nice house prepared for him.

This obstinacy on his part quite disturbed May, but Anna said, "Never mind, we can play our mother is poor, and can't afford to live in a large house like ours." So Rover went calmly to sleep, and only waked up when the children obliged him to do so, in order to welcome his grandchildren, who made him frequent visits.

I am afraid he was not a very polite old lady, for when Anna forced him to open his eyes to receive the dolls, he gave his tail only a very feeble wag, and dropped to sleep again at once.

"Dear me!" said May, "I don't think Rover makes a good grandmother at all. Let's play she's dead, and save all trouble."

But Anna was unwilling to put Rover out of the play and the world in this manner; so she proposed that they should have a blind grandmother, and then Rover could shut his eyes as

much as he wished. "I can always make him wag his tail to say how-do-you-do, because he wags his tail every time I speak to him, even when he is asleep."

The mother went to the nursery door two or three times, to see if Anna was still playing, for it was nearly a year since the child had played longer than fifteen minutes at a time. It made the mother very happy to find her enjoying life once more, like any other little girl.

At luncheon time the children set a little table with the play tea-set, and Mrs. Chardon sent up some very cunning biscuits and cakes she had ordered the cook to make expressly for them. They had the biscuits spread with honey, because Mrs. Chardon did not allow May to eat butter, and Anna thought the honey was very much better than butter, and said she wished her mother would not let her eat any butter either. Then they had some strawberry preserve, and some tarts, which they played were pies. They had, too, some chocolate in the little tea-pot belonging to the set, and the children took turns pouring it out. This one lunch answered for many meals, and extended over a great many weeks.

Sometimes Anna invited May to take tea

with her in a very quiet way. And then May would give a dinner-party and invite Anna and her baby. But whoever had the company, grandmother was always sure to be present. I think she had a pretty good appetite for an invalid, and she certainly had sight enough left to watch eagerly every mouthful any one took. She seated herself by the side of the table, and kept her place there all those weeks.

Rover's head came so far above the top of the table, that I think it was a great wonder he did not eat up everything on it. He could easily have taken table, dishes and all, into his great mouth. But he was very good, and waited patiently for each little bit the children gave him. May declared he ate up most everything. And Anna said she was glad he did, for she had no doubt he was more hungry than they were.

They played in this way till Rover, in trying to catch a fly, upset the table, spilling everything upon the floor. I think he was glad he did it too, for Anna now allowed him to eat everything that was left.

By the time they had gathered up the dishes after this accident, it was dinner-time. But poor little Anna was so tired, that she told the



mother all she wanted was to be allowed to lie on the sofa in the dark room. So the mother left her there with Rover, while she had her own dinner.

But Anna had hardly been alone half an hour when the servant brought her a saucer of ice-cream, which Anna told the mother, afterwards, was the only thing she could possibly have eaten.

When the mother looked into the room after dinner, she found the little girl fast asleep. The mother dressed her to go home, and Mrs. Chardon's servant man carried her to the carriage without her once opening her eyes. And after they arrived at the hotel the poor little girl was so tired and sleepy that she hardly wakened while being undressed and put to bed.

The next morning, I am sorry to say, Anna was decidedly cross. She declined to be dressed, or even to leave her bed. And the mother, feeling sure Anna would not behave so if she was well, ordered a squab cooked for her breakfast. So then the mother persuaded Anna to get dressed, telling her she had sent out and bought her something very good to eat.

When it was brought into the room, Anna

at once asked what it was. So the mother told her it was a squab, and that it was very nice, and was something only sick people could have.

"What's a squab?" asked Anna.

The mother explained to her that it was a little young pigeon.

Now, ever since they had been in Boston, the pigeons had been in the habit of flying upon the window-sill, and eating the corn the mother put there for them. At first they were of course very timid, but gradually they grew more tame, till finally they would let Anna sit close to the window, and not be at all alarmed. One, in particular, a beautiful white bird, would frequently eat out of the child's hand. So just as soon as Anna learned that the squab was a little pigeon, she burst out crying, and said she would not eat it for the world, — she would rather starve. The mother felt sorry for Anna, and tried to make her feel that she had much better eat it now that it was cooked, for if *she* did not, some one else would; but it was of no use, she could never be so cruel as to eat a little pigeon, she said. "Perhaps," she gasped between the sobs, "it is that pretty white pigeon's baby; and what will she do when she finds it gone?"

The child was so unhappy about it, and mourned so for the mother pigeon who had lost her baby, that she became quite ill.

When Dr. R. came that morning, and found the state Anna was in, he said she had become too tired the day before, and must be kept perfectly quiet for a few days. But it was a long time before Anna forgot her grief, and she would have a hard cry every time she saw the white pigeon.

Finally the doctor told the mother that Anna was well enough to go home. So one bright, pleasant morning in the latter part of October, the mother, Anna, and Rover started for G. This ride in the cars was accomplished with much greater ease than the ride to Boston. Anna was now well enough to sit up almost all the way.

I think they were all glad to be settled in the old home once more, and the Judge was as happy as possible to have them back. He said he could hardly believe Anna was the same child who had left him six weeks before. Still her eyes were not yet well, and every day the mother was obliged to apply leeches to them, and very soon Anna became so attached to these cold, crawling, little things, that she was as tender of them as she would have been of a

kitten. They were kept in a large bottle, and every morning they were turned into a basin of fresh water. Then Anna would put her little fingers in the dish and say, "Come, you pretty little darlings, and see if you can catch your Anna's fingers." The creatures would at once try for the little white hand, and if one of them did succeed, she would shake it off as calmly and carefully as possible, and let them try again. The Judge often amused himself watching Anna playing with them. He said he believed she had made a pet of almost everything, but it had never occurred to him that she could make a pet of a leech.

In a little while even the leeches were no longer needed, and the following winter Anna was as well as any child in town. When spring came the Judge felt that Rover should be returned to his former owners. So, without saying a word to any of the family, he one day dispatched Kendall, his man, with Rover, with directions to take the dog back to W. They had not been gone very long before Rover appeared at the house looking much pleased to get home again. Kendall said that Rover seemed to suspect what was to be done with him as soon as they came near the house in W. Just as they turned into the gate,

Rover started off for home, and the man could not make him even turn his head, although the dog had always minded his whistle before. Kendall went on to the house, however, and told the good people there that he had started with Rover, but the dog had run back to G. he thought.

"No matter," said the man, "we have got used to being without him now, and the Judge must keep him till Rover himself wants to come back to us."

But Rover never wished to be long away from Anna, and he was her dear friend and companion for many years.

## THE JUDGE'S STORY.



ONE morning the Judge complained of not feeling very well, and the mother tried to persuade him to remain at home all day. He was not willing to do so, however. But at night when he returned, he declared his intention of going at once to bed, and allowed the mother to send for Dr. H. When the doctor arrived, he said all the Judge needed was a little rest and quiet. The children were full of trouble

that anything should be the matter with their father. Sue called them all into her room, and advised that, as it was vacation, and consequently they were all at home, the barn chamber should be the play-room till the Judge was well. This piece of advice was received with enthusiasm, and Tom further proposed that they should each take off their shoes as they passed through the hall. This proposition was also received with favor. So to the barn chamber they all went, intending to stay there most of the time while the Judge was ill. But every few moments through the day, first one, and then another would be seized with an earnest desire to know just how their father felt, and appeared at the door of the mother's room to ask how their father was. There were so many journeys made, that at last the mother felt obliged to tell Sue that the children really must not come to the door again that afternoon. So Sue kindly explained to the children that it disturbed the Judge to have the door opened so often, and she advised them to have a good play just as usual, for they could not help their father to bear his illness, and she thought if he had perfect rest and quiet for one whole day, he would be well by the day after. So the young tribe determined to have

as much fun as possible, though they could none of them forget that their father was suffering pain. Now the barn chamber was always a delight. Here they could do just as they pleased, and when all resources failed, they were sure to find amusement. This day the children decided to have a store. Tom was to own and keep the store. Anna, as a fine lady dressed in silks and satins, was to buy for herself and little girl all she needed from Tom. Grace, as Anna's little girl, was sometimes to be allowed to buy candy and apples there. And Sphinx, the little white kitten, was a large and very fierce dog, who guarded the store from a band of thieves, who had been seen prowling about the place, and trying to rob from the store, on dark nights. But first of all the store must be furnished with goods. So they went to the garden and helped themselves to the silk from the corn, for sewing-silk; picked any number of red peonies, each leaf being a whole piece of red, pink, or white satin. Then they collected all the bits of broken crockery they could find for dishes, and the little small white pebbles were precious stones. Tom produced a number of old papers to make hats and caps of, and out of the small pieces of white and brown paper he made little



boats and whirligigs, while Anna made paper dolls without number. Grace, though much too small to manufacture articles for the store, still felt very important, as she was allowed to wash the dishes and precious stones. Then, too, she could arrange the goods on the counter, Anna or Tom telling her first where to place each article. The store extended all across one end of the barn, and a long board was placed upon two barrels to form the counter. The object seemed to be, to fill this counter as full as possible with goods of all sorts. In this manner the children played for two whole days. During this time, the house was so quiet that the Judge said he had not been once disturbed. Not knowing that the children had adopted the habit of taking off their shoes, he wondered very much how they could have gone past his door so quietly. The third morning the Judge was so much better that when Grace put her head inside the door to ask if father felt very sick, he called her to come and kiss him good-morning. In a second the little girl was on the bed beside her father, and was held close in his arms. She was very triumphant over the rest of the family because she had been kissed first, entirely ignoring the fact that she had disobeyed orders

by going into the room. "No matter," Tom had said, "let her have the fun — she is so little." The Judge told her he thought after his breakfast he should feel well enough to tell a story.

"O goody!" said Grace; "how glad Tom will be, and Sue always likes father's stories, and I guess even Anna will listen, though she always says Sue's stories are much too babyish for a girl of thirteen."

So Grace ran down stairs to the dining-room where the family were at breakfast and told them the good news. All were very thankful that father was feeling well, and they were all eager for one of his stories. Then the little girl ran to the kitchen to hurry Katie with the Judge's breakfast, "because," she explained to the cook, "it must be 'most a year since father felt bad enough to stay at home and tell a story." And indeed it was a great treat to all, to have the Judge home with them a whole day. Although the school vacation was over, their mother gave the children leave to stay at home that day, in celebration of the Judge's recovery. I can assure you it was a very merry breakfast that morning. As soon as breakfast was over, they all went into the Judge's study, where he was waiting for them.

They gathered round him with loving greeting, and he thanked first the mother for her kind devotion to him; then Sue for taking such good care of the house while the mother was attending to his wants; then he thanked each of the little ones for their consideration in playing in the barn, and keeping so still while in the house; and ended by saying he could never feel grateful enough for being blessed with such a wife and children. All felt very happy. The mother took her sewing, and Sue some fancy work; Anna placed herself on the floor close beside her father, with her little black and white kitten in her arms; Tom spread a large newspaper on the floor and began to whittle; Grace, fearing she should tire her father if she took her usual place in his lap, put her kitten, Sphinx, there instead, and drew a chair close beside her father, and put her head on his shoulder; her doll she kindly allowed Sue to hold; Simon the black cat, and May the greyhound, both stretched themselves upon the floor, enjoying the sun streaming into the room; all were prepared to listen. "Now, little ones, what shall I tell you about?" asked the Judge. "Would you like to hear some story I have read, or shall I tell you of some of my father's pets?" The vote was a

unanimous one to hear about one of Grandfather's pets. So the Judge began.

"In the western part of New York many years ago, before that part of the country was as thickly settled as now, my father lived in a large square house, just on the border of the woods. People used to hunt a great deal in



these woods. One day when my father was hunting the deer, he suddenly came upon a little fawn fast asleep. He went toward it very softly and succeeded in getting hold of the little fellow before he had time to escape. He carried it home in his arms, and, strange as it may seem, the fawn did not appear much alarmed; and after a few days of petting and

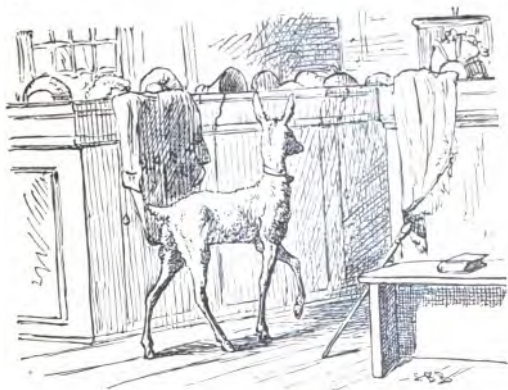
care he was as much at home in my father's house as he could have been in the woods. He was of a beautiful fawn color, with a white spot on his breast, and my father used to say he wore white stockings. He had a most affectionate, loving nature, and was devoted to my father, following him wherever he went. It seemed strange that he should care so much more for his master than for any one else, for my mother took almost the entire care of him, and was the one who always fed him. But, notwithstanding, neither she nor any one else could ever call him away from my father. He would play with my mother, and run after her from room to room, if his master was away; but as soon as he appeared, the fawn seemed to consider it his duty to remain near him, and he would only leave my father long enough to get his supper, and at once return. Sunday mornings the fawn was always shut up at church-time, for fear he might follow his master. Generally he appeared quite satisfied with the society of the family; but once in a while he would seem to remember that his own family lived in the wood, and would evidently feel a desire to visit them. So he would spend sometimes the whole day in the wood, but always came home before my father did. Al-

most always some two or three of the wild deer would escort him, on his way home, as far as the edge of the wood, quite within sight of the house. But they never ventured fairly out of the forest. Sometimes it seemed almost as if the fawn was urging his friends to visit him. He would play with them, just inside of the



wood, every now and then springing out into the road, and then standing and waiting for them. But the others evidently did not dare follow, though often they seemed quite undecided whether they should or not. Father felt sure some day he would bring one of the little creatures home with him, but I never heard of one's coming. Father bought him a pretty

collar, with a small silver bell attached to it, so you could hear the little fellow long before you could see him. One Sunday morning, before going to church, my father, as usual, called the fawn, to shut him up. But the little fel-



low was nowhere to be found, and though my father went some distance down the road and listened, he could not hear the bell. So he decided the fawn must be visiting his fawn friends, though this was the first Sunday he had left his master to go off anywhere. The family went to church, however, without giving the fawn another thought. It being a very warm summer day, the church doors were all fastened wide open. In the middle of a

long and rather stupid sermon, my father was aroused by the sound, in the dim distance, of the little silver bell. Nearer and nearer it came, and soon all the congregation heard it, and still nearer it came. To the church steps, — to the door, — and finally the tinkling of the little bell sounded up the broad aisle. The pews in those days were made so high that it was impossible to see over them. So no one but my dismayed father could imagine what the disturbance was; he, poor man, knew but too well. However, he could do nothing but sit still and wait for the result. On the little fellow came, till he found his master's pew, and as the door happened to be opened, he walked in, and lay down quietly at my father's feet, feeling perfectly satisfied. And after that, he would disappear every Sunday morning, so that it was, of course, impossible to confine him. But he always went to church. Sometimes my father would find the fawn in quiet possession of his pew when he himself arrived. The sexton, one Sunday, not approving of the performance, tried to put the little creature out. But he made such a fuss, and jumped about so much, and the bell tinkled so loudly, that he was obliged to give up the attempt. From that time forward he became a most devoted



church-goer, and it was an understood thing that the fawn belonged to that church. Although I am afraid he took many naps during the service and sermon, in all *other* respects he behaved as well as any gentleman in the congregation. The fawn lived with my father about two years. His visits to the forest became more and more frequent, however, until at last he never returned to the house. Whether his friends there persuaded him to remain with them, or whether he was shot for a wild deer, my father could never find out. But he was much missed by all the family, and even the minister asked what had become of him."

## ANNA AND TOM.

## I.

TOM and Anna were inseparable companions from the time Tom could run alone, until Anna was such a big girl that dancing-parties took the place of climbing fences as her favorite amusement. As the little girl was two or three years the older, and a healthy vigorous child, while Tom was timid and delicate, they shared the same plays as well as if they had both been boys or both girls. If Tom liked to play with paper dolls on rainy days, Anna was always ready for any romping out-of-doors game. So they encountered the same dangers, enjoyed the same pleasures, and passed through the same diseases. Whooping-cough dwelt in their memories as the time when they were shut into the nursery and mother's room with endless families of paper-dolls living in the baby-house, and a bowl of thick syrup, made by boiling hoarhound and molasses together, on the table, which they were not only allowed, but encouraged, to taste many times in a day.

Once, when they were very little, a great racket was heard on the staircase, followed by loud screams from both children. The whole family rushed to see what was the matter. On the lowest stair sat the little ones, side by side, howling in concert. It was impossible to discover the cause for grief. When they were questioned, they both roared more loudly, but made no answer.

The mother snatched up first one and then the other, and felt of all their little limbs to satisfy herself there was no serious hurt. Still she could not find out which one was in pain. After a long time the cries of both subsided, and then it appeared that Tom had fallen from the top of the staircase, and was a good deal shaken and bumped, but Anna had merely cried from sympathy.

Another time the mother went to the city, leaving Sister Susie to keep house for the first time in her life. Very proud was Sister Susie, and very determined that all should go on smoothly during her reign. As she sat in the parlor reading, and enjoying her dignity, on the very first afternoon, most doleful sounds were heard from the garden, and presently the children appeared, crying violently, with now and then a shrill scream of anguish most

frightful to hear. Susie rushed to meet them and used all her arts of consolation, but in vain. They continued to wail and scream until the good sister was quite desperate. At last an inspiration came to her. She produced two large slices of sponge-cake, made that morning to celebrate her promotion as house-keeper. Under the soothing effects of the cake, screams ceased, and wails subsided into sobs. Then gradually it was disclosed that the children had picked some red peppers to serve as fruit at a doll's party. They had tasted the fruit in the dolly's stead, and of course had begun at once to cry, and to rub their eyes with their little stained hands. It was two or three days before the poor eyes were free from inflammation, in spite of all Sister Susie's care in bathing them with rose-water.

One of the children's great delights was their "cubby-house," over the wood-shed. Close under the roof was a loft, extending over about half the great wood-house, which was built in the days when wood was stored in sufficient quantities to supply the whole establishment with warmth during a long New England winter. As this loft could only be reached by climbing, at the risk of life and limb, over the

great piles of wood, it was rarely used, and the children took possession of it. O! the delights of that cubby-house! Here there was no clearing up of playthings, — no tyrannical putting to rights by the nursery-maid, — no vexatious contempt of priceless treasures as “rubbish.” In one corner stood an old set of unused shelves from the library, and on these the miniature woman arranged all the broken crockery and glass-ware which had been collected, bit by bit, during some years. There was great rivalry among all the little girls of Anna’s acquaintance about their several collections of broken china; but no one who had once been allowed to behold the glories of those corner shelves, failed to pronounce them beyond anything of their kind in splendor. Faithful Kendall, the queer Yankee man-servant, entered heart and soul into all the children’s plans, — and it was he who furnished the cubby-house. He sawed some smooth round logs very evenly into blocks a foot and two feet long. The shorter ones, placed round the sides of the room, afforded seats for quite a party of small guests, and when a board was placed across the longer ones it formed a table fit for a queen. No queen could be more proud than Anna, when she sat at its head, with

Tom opposite, and dispensed apples and maple sugar to a select circle of friends. Of course one side of the cubby-house had no wall, but was quite open to the wood-house, and there was just a spice of peril and adventure in the situation, which heightened all the other charms of the spot.

Kendall was entirely devoted to the children, and was never so happy as when he could aid them in any of their schemes. If Sister Susie sometimes complained that he made rather a rough looking coachman, the children could see no fault in him. Outside he was as crusty and crabbed as an old apple-tree; but he carried a very tender heart in his rough body, and all helpless children and animals found their way straight to this, without minding his queer ways. When one of the little pigs under his charge fell ill, he has been known to sit up all night to feed it frequently with a tea-spoon. When Tom had one of his frequent attacks of croup, Kendall would wake at the sound of his cough, and be ready to help in the care of the child almost as soon as the mother herself. His strong arm and tender hand made him a very acceptable nurse to the boy, who never tired of hearing of his singular adventures in his wild New Hampshire home.

This same pig, whose life was saved by Kendall's nursing, once brought Anna into deep disgrace. Piggy continued delicate for some weeks, and, as he passed a good deal of time rolled in cotton in a snug box by the kitchen fire, the children made a pet of him. Now, my dear reader, do not be quite disgusted at such a pet. If you never knew intimately a very young pig, you have no idea what a delicate little creature it is, — more like a baby than anything else, with its clear pink skin and its fat tender little body. One day Anna came into the parlor holding Piggy in her arms, wrapped in a shawl, lest he should feel the change from his warm box. On the sofa sat a lady making a state call. She politely called the little girl towards her, and asked in the most amiable voice: "And what have you there, my dear?" For answer Anna unrolled Piggy from the shawl and dropped him gently into her silken lap. With a scream of mingled anger and alarm, poor Piggy was flung half across the room to the floor, where he lay, squealing dismally at such unheard-of treatment, until his mistress caught him up and soothed his wounded feelings, while the mother and Sister Susie strove, as best they might, to restrain their laughter, and smooth

the ruffled plumes of their guest. Anna's indignation was too deep for words; she could only glare unutterable things at such a horrid woman, and bear Piggy off to be comforted by Kendall.

The best time in all the week for the children came on Sunday afternoon, which they always spent in a long ramble with the Judge. In the morning the family was always at church and Sunday-school, but after dinner the Judge and as many of the children as liked started for a walk. The Judge had one queer little whim about the Sunday walks. He would never go off his own land. This was no restriction on the children's pleasure, however, for the Judge's own farm afforded all the variety they could desire. Behind the large barn and the ice-house was the orchard; passing through a gate in the lower end of this, you came into the "lot," a broad green mowing-field, which sloped down to a winding brook, and then stretched away towards a pretty piece of woods, which formed the boundary of the farm on this side. Down by the brook stood an old willow-tree, from which, spring after spring, the children gathered the first "pussies." A little later the field was white with houstonias, and the sunny bank beyond the



brook never failed to yield the very first violet of the season. Hidden away under the leaves and ferns in the wood, grew all sorts of shy forest flowers, and among the dark pine branches great bouquets of laurel showed like heaps of rose-tinted snow. The Judge welcomed each of these lovely visitors with as much enthusiasm as the children, and every Sunday the little party came home laden with new discoveries. Thus the children grew to be as familiar with the names and habits of the plants growing near their home as years of study could have made them. It was not always merely flowers they brought home. Once they came back triumphantly with the nest of a field-mouse, full of shy, bright-eyed creatures, which they proposed to keep in the nursery as pets. Fancy the mother's dismay, when she found the mice fairly established in a dark corner under the bed. Pero, the big dog, had dug up the nest from the ground, and the Judge's tender heart failed him at the thought of leaving the tiny shivering creatures out in the cold field. The mother, however, was firm in her refusal to allow them to remain in the nursery. She must draw a line somewhere, or the Judge and the children would fill the house with unheard-of creatures; and mice in

the nursery she would not have. So a compromise was effected, and the nest was placed in a sheltered nook under the eaves of the ice-house.

Pero's big banner of a tail might always be seen in the front of the little procession on these Sunday walks. His first aim was the brook. George was in the habit of sending him to hunt for musk-rats in a little pool formed by the widening of the brook, just where the lane crossed it. Into this pool, to search for game, Pero must go whenever he passed the spot. No commands or persuasions could turn him aside from this imperative duty. He would plunge in, and swim about, smelling at the banks for a few moments, and then, apparently satisfied that he had fulfilled the whole duty of a dog, he would scramble up into the lane with every hair in his immense shaggy coat dripping fast. Then such a scattering of the little party as took place! Each ran a different way, and endeavored to avoid the shower which Pero's vigorous shake of his great body sent far and near. If he could come upon them unawares, and sprinkle the whole party, he seemed greatly delighted. After his shake he started off at a quick trot down the lane, with the air of having a vast

deal of business on his mind, and not a great deal of time to do it in. He felt called upon to examine every bush for birds, and every stump for squirrels. Now and then he would be seized with a firm conviction that he scented a field-mouse, and would begin to dig up the earth with his paws in frantic haste. After a few scrapes he would snuff eagerly at the hole and then fall to digging again like a crazy creature. When the hole grew deep, he would get his nose filled with loose earth at each snuff, causing him to snort in a most ridiculous manner, but by no means checking his ardor. All at once he would give up the quest as suddenly as he began it, and come racing after his friends, with his tongue lolling out and a very much embrowned nose. In his many walks, I think he never but once found any game at the bottom of his burrow ; but he never failed to make two or three deep holes each day. He took an eager interest in all that engaged the attention of his human friends, and when they stopped to look at a fern or a flower, would thrust his honest old face into the group, and evidently try to make out what they were speaking of. From the Judge to the baby he loved them all dearly, and to the children no party was complete without dear old Pero.

These children of whom I am writing enjoyed the blessings of a real country home, and I think any of them would tell you that no child who has not lived in such a home, knows what a really happy childhood is. The endless sources of pleasure in the garden, and fields, and woods, — the intense feeling of interest in the fortunes of each hen and chicken, and kitten, — the companionship of all the dumb creatures which are sure to give love for love, — fill the days full to overflowing with delightful occupation. No one could live with the Judge and not catch something of his quick sympathy with all dumb animals. The cows were not so many machines for giving milk, but old Brindle and White-face and Cherry, — and had each a character as well understood as those of the children. When Brindle grew too old to chew her own hay, it was cut for her, and fed to her in a comfortable mush of warm water and meal. The very pigs knew their master's voice, and came to the bars of the pen with comfortable grunts at its sound, — well knowing they should not fail to get a fat ear of corn and a friendly word. The Judge fully believed, and the children with him, that his own bees would not sting him under any provocation. He would go out and stand by the

bed of mignonette planted for their delight, and watch them at their pretty labors. If one settled on his hand, he never brushed it off, but quietly called the children to come near and see the little creature. Never but once did an insect take base advantage of his trust, and that one, the Judge maintained, was a stranger from a neighbor's hive, and did not know his kindly feeling towards it.

Now that they are grown men and women, his children appreciate more fully what a beautiful trait this tender care for helpless dependents was in the learned Judge, who might well have had no thoughts to spare from his law-books. Then they only felt that their father was the most delightful companion they could have, and that nothing caused him to look so grieved as any story of cruelty shown to dumb beasts. From him they learned, long before they read the wonderful poem, that

“ He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small,  
And the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.”

## II.

BUT there came a time when all the dear delights of the country home must be resigned, and the family was transplanted, root and branch, to a far-away university town. Pretty white Nelly and faithful Lenox were ridden for the last time, and sent to new owners. Old Malty, the cat, was boarded at a neighbor's house, and the rest of the animals were left to the new tenant of the farm.

Of course, like all children, Anna and Tom were excited and interested by any change; so, although there were many tearful partings from the pets, and plans for keeping up an active correspondence with favorite schoolmates, on the whole they regarded it as rather a fine and distinguished affair to move to the city. This feeling did not last, however, much beyond their first sight of the new dwelling, and a more homesick pair of little creatures than they were for six months could hardly have been found. Anna especially pined for her pets and her wild-flowers, and above all for a sight of the mountains, with an intense yearning which none of the grown-up members of the family dreamed of in the child. The first consolation came to her at the sight of the "succory blue

as the sky," which fringed the dusty street. She brought in great bunches of it to Susie, and soon the forlorn big parlors were ornamented with its coarse ugly stalks and spare lovely blossoms, — doubtless much to the surprise of the professors' ladies, coming to make their first calls on the mother. When she discovered that the plant, new to her, although so common a weed in her new home, sometimes bore blossoms of a lovely pale rose color, the child felt that life once more had a real interest for her, and the finding of one pink flower would be the event of a day. The house was distressingly new and bare, so large that the mother always called it a castle, and with great square rooms that, in spite of all Susie's efforts to improve them, would have that uncomfortable look of being just filled with furniture fresh from the shops. The garden contained only phlox and vervain, set in alternate clumps, and a few shrubs and small trees newly planted, which were struggling with the drought and dust, which make gardening in that sandy soil a weariness and a disappointment to the most devoted lover of out-door work. The country around the town looked so utterly flat and unpromising to these children of the mountains, that they did not think of

searching it for wild-flowers. When the next spring came, however, the instinct, which is like a sixth sense to all true lovers of flowers, led the children to the few spots where some of the earlier spring blossoms fight a brave battle with the biting east wind. Each frail little beauty was like an old friend, and many a basketful was carried home to Sister Susie, whose deft fingers heaped them in dishes, or grouped them in vases, so as to show to the best advantage the peculiar grace of each.

In one of their rambles in search of flowers, the children met with a most absurd adventure. While Anna picked violets and saxifrage, Tom amused himself by climbing the young birch-trees. He could go quite to the top of a slender tree, and then, clinging with his hands to the stem, swing himself down. The tree, bending slowly with his weight, would lower him gently till his feet touched the earth. Becoming more adventurous with success, he tried taller and taller trees, until at last he swung off from one with a stem so large and stiff that his weight was not sufficient to bend it much from the perpendicular; so there the poor boy hung helplessly in mid-air. He kicked and struggled vainly for a while, and then called to Anna for help. Run-



ning to see what was the matter, she was so struck by his ludicrous appearance that she burst out laughing. This made Tom very indignant, and he began to cry and scold. Anna strove to restrain her laughter, and tried her best to reach his dangling feet, but in vain. She jumped up and clutched fruitlessly at empty air, until she was fairly tired out, and forced to sit down and indulge in a quiet laugh by herself. Then she resumed her jumps with renewed vigor and at last caught the very tips of poor Tom's toes, and hauled him down hand over hand.

By degrees the children came to find that even flat, sandy C. would reward patient search with many a lovely or fragrant blossom. It was a marked day in their calendar, the one on which they first saw the white spires of the clethra rising from its glossy green leaves. The bush grew close by the side of the railroad, and was well sprinkled with cinders, but they had never seen the long hedges of its fellows, which skirt the woods farther down the coast, and they were enchanted with the beauty and fragrance of which even coal-dust could not quite deprive the queenly plant. When the family had been living three or four years in C., a kind gentleman, who had learned her love

for flowers, took Anna to the one spot, outside the gates of the cemetery, where year by year a few pale hepaticas open their delicate flowers above the dead leaves. The sight of the dearly remembered tufts of furry buds and tender blossoms filled the child with a delight so keen that she fairly cried. Afterward, for many years, she never failed to gather a few of the flowers each spring; and I think, if she lives to be an old woman, she will never forget just the look of the little sloping bank, overhung by a maple-tree and sprinkled with its scarlet blossoms, where they grew.

Another thing which went far to reconcile the children to C. was the river, which made a double curve in the meadow behind the garden. It was only a salt stream here, to be sure, and its shores looked flat and sterile enough to the eyes accustomed to sparkling mountain streams, overhung by ferns and flowering shrubs, and to the noble Connecticut rolling through its velvet meadows, but it lay blue and sparkling in the sunlight, and, above all, at high tide little vessels came sailing up its quiet current, and these white-winged boats opened a whole world of interest to the children. They had never seen sailing vessels before, and for them all the poetry and mystery of the

sea clustered about these little sloops and schooners. For anything the children knew to the contrary, they might be laden with all the treasures of India. Fortunately no kind friend destroyed their illusion by revealing the fact that their much loved ships were dirty coal-barges, and the white glistening sails told no tales of the cargo beneath. Tom soon took to ship-building. Anna hemmed the sails, and grew as learned as her brother in the varieties of rigging required for sloops, schooners, and brigs. The children would go down to the bank of the river and wait patiently for a vessel to pass, that they might notice each least detail of rope and sail, and Tom grew very skillful in reproducing them all in his miniature imitations. As he grew, so did his boats, until years afterwards, when a sturdy six-footer, he built his own single wherry, so immensely long and narrow and thin, that after one shuddering glance at it the mother bade farewell to all peace of mind when Tom was known to be out rowing on the quiet reaches of the same salt stream where he and Anna used to watch the river-craft glide up and down the meadow.

Another pleasure to the children was found in the hens. The mother soon had some of these sociable creatures cackling and crowing

in the yard, and after a time they came to be Anna's special care. Of course they were very much petted and caressed; each one had her own name, and they were all so tame that when the children sat on the steps of the barn with a dish of corn, their heads and shoulders were covered with eager petitioners for a share in the grain. Whether it does not agree with hens to pet them, I do not know, but certainly there was an alarming mortality in this much tended flock. No sooner did a fussy mother-hen present herself in the world, after her retirement of three weeks, with a goodly number of little yellow balls of down at her heels, than one after another of the pretty creatures fell a victim to some mysterious disorder. This was a great grief to the children, who had counted every hour of the three weeks' sitting, as anxiously as the mother-hen herself. The victims were buried one by one in a vacant square in the garden, Tom setting up a shingle inscribed with the name and age of the deceased at the head of each grave, and Anna transplanting violets and houstonias to lend a cheerful aspect to the spot. The graves became so numerous that the children were inspired to lay out the square in humble imitation of the neighboring cemetery, with avenues and paths

shaded by plants tall enough to answer for trees. Tom inclosed the whole with a paling, over which Anna trained small vines. After the interest in the cemetery fairly took hold of their minds, I am afraid the children did not feel such deep grief at the death of a chicken. It was very sad to lose one from the brood, to be sure, but then there was great consolation in preparing for the funeral, and in selecting an appropriate flower to plant on the grave. Some of the chickens, however, were sufficiently hardy to escape with their lives even from the children's care. One pair of Shanghai roosters, in particular, were striking illustrations of what a good constitution can endure. These healthy fowls reached in safety that stage, which comes in the life of every chick of this special breed, when all their feathers mysteriously dropped off, leaving their gaunt bodies more lean looking than ever, and their legs and necks of a most appalling length. Not knowing that this was only one step in their proper growth, Anna was much concerned at their singular appearance, and consulted the cook as to what could be done to make their feathers grow. Cook thought perhaps greasing them might be beneficial, and furnished lard for the purpose. It happened to

be the morning of a very hot day when Anna caught the unfortunate cocks, and rubbed the lard well over their bony bodies. In the course of a day's wandering under a hot sun their skins crisped to a delicate brown, for all the world as if they had been nicely basted and then done to a turn. Anna, beholding this dreadful spectacle, rushed into the house and called all the family out to see. Imagine her indignation when one after another burst into laughter at the first glimpse of the forlorn birds! George christened them "Roast Turkey" on the spot, a name which clung to both through long and useful lives; for this little experience seemed in no way to interfere with their growth. In due time a superb new coat of feathers covered their brown skins, and before winter they were the pride of the coop. One of them especially had a voice so loud and so harsh that not a cock among the neighbors dared to accept his challenge to a crowing match. Many a visitor has been roused from peaceful morning slumbers by an unearthly sound, and asked tremblingly, "What can have happened?" to be answered with pride, "O! that's 'Roast Turkey:' does he not crow splendidly?"

It was a mysterious thing about these chick-

ens that of those which escaped the perils of infancy, almost all proved to be cocks, so that when winter came, the coop was the scene of many battles. Anna spent most of her time in trying to keep her unruly subjects in order. She would rush into the midst of a fight, and pick up the first combatant she could seize, regardless of scratches and pecks. After a severe scolding, the warrior would be imprisoned by himself in an empty barrel to repent of his sins,—only to seek the fray with renewed zest as soon as he was released. It grew to be a serious question what could be done to secure a little peace in the hen-roost. Anna entirely refused to let one of her pets be killed, and no one had the heart to urge her. At last the mother took advantage of the little girl's absence to treat the family to a superb chicken-pie. After all had dined, she revealed the fact that the pie contained a few of the superfluous cocks. Every one felt a little indignant at having been tricked into dining on familiar acquaintances, and Anna always maintained that she never could have been so cheated. After this "Roast Turkey" ruled over a very peaceful tribe of hens, and Anna found her cares much lightened.

It was during the second winter spent in

C. that the children experienced a new pleasure, so enchanting that for a time it occupied all their thoughts. One Saturday afternoon they were taken to the Museum to see the play of Aladdin. It was nothing less than fairy-land made real to them. They thought and talked and dreamed of nothing else for weeks. They imitated as well as they could all the thrilling situations, — often sustaining several parts apiece in the attempt to be faithful to their model. Their favorite scene was the one in the enchanted cavern where Aladdin wanders in search of the lamp. To make this effective, the Judge was called in to play the part of the statue which holds the lamp. For this purpose his small tyrants forced him to mount the pillar at the bottom of the banister. Here the good father would stand patiently, on a space barely large enough to place his feet upon, with a pink scarf twisted round his head to give him a picturesque appearance, while Tom, as Aladdin, explored the cavern, represented by the space under the stairs, and finally climbed up the legs of the statue to take the lamp from his hand.

When it grew warm enough to play in the barn, the children took possession of the empty carriage-house and arranged it for their theat-



rical performances. Sometimes it was occupied by the legitimate drama, and sometimes by a circus-troupe or a menagerie. The yellow and white kitten did duty as a lion, and the striped gray one as a tiger. Children who came in to pass the afternoon were converted into monkeys or elephants, or whatever animal seemed most desirable at the time, but Tom was always Van Amburgh, and Anna always the cage of performing lions. The sides of the room were lined with the cages made of boxes, and the open centre was the arena where the actors displayed their skill. Empty barrels turned on the side made admirable horses, for by a little practice their riders learned to roll them along by an imperceptible motion of the feet. Tom, and I fear Miss Anna also, became so expert that they could ride two barrels at once, placing one foot on each, and perform most wonderful feats of leaping and posturing, while their spirited steeds were galloping around the arena at full speed.

At one time a rat of immense size was added to the menagerie. It happened in this way. The cook made loud complaints of the rats. They jumped up in her face as she stooped over the potato barrel, she averred, and even had the impudence to sit on the edge of the

barrel and watch her movements about the cellar, as if to dare her to attempt securing a single potato. So a trap was bought, of a very merciful nature, which inclosed the victim in a wire cage. The very first night a large rat was caught. The Judge and the children assembled around the cage, and watched the bright eyes and brisk air of the prisoner with interest. When the little fellow sat up on his hind legs and washed his face with his fore paws, preparatory to eating a bit of cheese they gave him, the Judge's heart was quite won, and he declared he never could order the cold-blooded murder of such a bold robber. So the children carried the rat, cage and all, to the play-room in the barn, and there fed and petted him for some days. At last one morning the cage was found overturned and broken, and Master Rat was missing. This was the end of the trap, and thenceforth the rats rioted as they liked among the potatoes and apples. The Judge and the children felt a secret conviction that all the most audacious thefts were committed by their pet; but they did not like to say much on the subject for fear of bringing upon themselves sarcastic remarks from the mother, who greatly enjoyed teasing the Judge about his success in clearing the cellar of rats.

While "Dombey and Son" was being published in numbers, the children were greatly interested in the story and watched eagerly for the monthly installments, and out of it grew a play from which they derived almost as much pleasure as from the book itself. It was proposed that each one of their circle of playmates should assume a character from the novel, and should always be addressed by the others by his or her assumed name. A post-office was established in a chink between the stones of an old wall, which they passed on their way to school, and you may be sure it was eagerly searched each morning and noon for letters. What the unconscious owner of the wall would have said, if he had happened to find on his premises a note directed to Captain Cuttle or to Mr. Toots, I am sure I can not imagine. But the children were never disturbed in their sport, and all one summer Anna was very busy over the letters which she wrote and received under the name of Walter Gay. Just at this time Tom was sent to a boarding-school in New York, so he had only a small share in the play of post-office; but Anna and he sent each other frequent letters through the real post-office, and I will copy a few of them for you to read. This first one is from Tom :—

"DEAR ANNA, — We have a cat which has three kittens, and we did make little carts of pasteboard which they drew, but we have given it over now. We had three chickens, one hen, and two cocks, but they ran away. Early apples are ripe. Last night I could not stir down-stairs without having a cat at my heels. There is one cat about a year old, that is so large and strong that you would mistake her for two, and so should I myself if I were not here when she was born. In the back part of the garden there is a tree of pig pears, and Henry Smith and myself take a cherry or alder switch, and stick the pears onto it, and jerk them into the air, and they go splendidly.

"Your affectionate brother,      Tom."

Here is Anna's answer to Tom's letter : —

"DEAR TOM, — I am studying Ollendorf. Is it not funny that we should be studying the same book? George is studying it too. Did you have any Christmas presents given you besides those sent you from home? Our cow has come, and a little calf with her. This morning the cow got away and ran up street as hard as she could go, and Katy after her as hard as she could go. The cow went clear up almost to Mrs. Jones's, and then turned

round and went up that lane. I now started out with an umbrella and a shawl for Katy, who had nothing on. When I got to Mrs. Jones's, I met the cow walking quietly down, with Katy hold of her tail. Grace is very well ; she is down in the kitchen making biscuit ; her kitten is very well and very playful. We have got a very handsome red rose, and a beautiful white one in flower. Father is going to G. in a few days to see about making our lane into a public road. If they do, they will take off a part of our garden as far as the summer-house. But I have written you a long letter, and shall expect a long one in return. ANNA."

The Katy mentioned in this letter was a wild Irish girl, who caused much merriment in the family for a year or two. Susie brought her home from an intelligence office, to which the mother had sent her in search of a maid to help in the light work of the house. Susie found the usual number of damsels with very smart flowers in their bonnets, and while she was examining some of them, was attracted by the earnest gaze fixed upon her by a rosy-cheeked girl in the corner, with no bonnet at all, only a shawl drawn over her head. The black eyes followed all her movements so be-

seechingly that Susie asked some questions about their owner, and found she had just landed from an emigrant ship without a single friend on this side of the ocean, and was beginning already to realize that it was no easy thing for a girl without references to find employment. Susie felt so sorry for her that she could not bear to leave her to her uncertain fate, and finally brought her home, although she knew she was not in the least like the person whom the mother required. If Katy served no other purpose in the family she certainly became a test of the patience of each member. She blundered about the house, knocking over and breaking every other thing she touched. She did not know the names of the commonest articles of household use; so that it was hopeless to send her for anything unless you went with her to point out what was meant. But she was so grateful for kindness, and so sincerely repentant for her mistakes, that one could not help liking her, and her blunders seldom failed to have an amusing side. When she dropped the silver sugar-bowl, and saw the mother ruefully regarding a large dent in the side, she looked on with tears in her eyes, and at last burst out amid a storm of sobs with "Indeed, marm, I think, if you'd let me, I could just settle it with a hammer."

When the cow came Katy found her mission. Here, she felt, was something she could do well. She begged so hard to be allowed to feed and milk Daisy, that she was permitted to try, and it was soon evident that she knew much more of farm work than of anything inside the house. Daisy and she became close friends, and when Katy had one of her homesick fits, she was sure to be found with her arms round the cow's neck, telling her all her woes. One day when Katy went out to feed her friend, the cow was missing. The barn-door had been securely fastened, but Daisy was gone. Katy searched the barn, and then stood in the door-way looking around the yard in great perplexity. She called, and was answered by Daisy's voice close at hand, — still she was nowhere to be seen. Katy ran outside and called again. This time the answering voice seemed to fall from the sky. Poor Katy began to get frightened; she looked up in the air, and was quite confounded to see Daisy serenely gazing down at her from the barn-chamber window. Katy's hair fairly stood on end, and her black eyes were big with dismay, as she flew into the house screaming, "Marm, marm, Daisy's bewitched!" And it did seem difficult to account for the cow's pres-

ence in such an unusual place, until a few grains of corn on the stairs led to the conclusion that she had followed the trail left by the grocer's boy when he carried up some supplies for Anna's hens. She had probably been tempted up step by step; but getting down was quite a different matter. She entirely refused to trust herself on the stairs, and was finally lowered from the window by the help of several men with pulleys and ropes.

I will copy one more of Tom's letters for you, and then I think you will have heard as much as you care for at present about Tom and Anna.

"DEAR ANNA, — To-day, as I had nothing to do, I thought I would write to you. I got your letter on Wednesday, and liked it very well. I cannot be contented until you will draw a picture of my cow with Katy driving her by the tail. Henry Smith gave Mary Gray a valentine of a young lady with a big head, and dancing. Here is a piece of poetry that I made up: —

There was a little man,  
That lived in a pan.  
And all that he had  
Was a little old Dad ;  
All the place he would go  
Was the grocer's, O,



Where he would eat a stick of candy,  
And drink a glass of brandy,  
And then he would cry,  
'O! I am going to die,  
For I have eat a stick of candy,  
And drank a glass of brandy ;  
So get out of the way,  
That I may play.'  
Wasn't that a funny man  
That lived in an old tin pan ?

"Fourth of July Mr. Smith bought each of the boys a Roman candle, a Chinese flower-pot, two serpents, and two grasshoppers, and I bought myself a bunch of fire-crackers, and two blue-lights. Henry Smith and I were up at four o'clock, and went out doors, and had some fun before breakfast. After breakfast I went to New York with Mr. Smith. Then we came home, and I bought a bunch of crackers. After supper I felt sick and went to bed, but Mrs. R. said I might fire my things to-night.

"Your affectionate brother,      TOM.

"P. S. Last night I had a first-rate time firing my fireworks. The Roman candle went splendidly; the Chinese flower-pot would not go, but the serpent went first-rate; the triangle went a little while, and stopped. Give my love to all."

## THE MOTHER'S STORY.

THERE WAS ONE member of the Judge's family who should not be forgotten, though his life was a very short one. He was a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, with long dark eyelashes, nearly three years younger than Susie, and always a frail, delicate child, but of loving and winning ways. He was very fond of birds and animals. A large Maltese cat was his constant companion and playfellow. Baby would sit on the floor, and Malty would walk round and round him, putting her nose in his face and rubbing against him until he would seize her in both arms and hold her tight. It was difficult to tell which enjoyed it most, Baby or cat, and Malty never became attached to any of the other children.

One day a friend shot a beautiful oriole, and gave it to Baby. He was delighted with it, but Susie was equally pleased, and took it away from him. The mother told her to give it back, which she did ; but I am sorry to say she

cried so loud that her mother sent her from the room. When Susie got into the next room, she only cried the louder, until Baby could bear it no longer, for he was very fond of his little sister. So he took his nurse by the hand (he could not speak a word, but he made all his wants understood,) and led her to the door. The mother told her to go wherever he wanted her to. He led her into the next room, gave Susie the bird, and came back to the mother, looking very sad. Susie was generally a very good little girl, and never a selfish one; so she did not enjoy the bird much, and very soon came back to the nursery, all tears and smiles, gave Baby the bird, and both were happy again together.

One Sunday, as the mother sat by an open window, holding Baby to see the people pass on their way from church, a pigeon flew in and lighted right in Baby's arms. He had evidently been tamed, and was not afraid of any one. He was perfectly contented, as though he had never known any other home. A window was left open in a little entry, so that he could fly in and out when he pleased, but Pidgey spent most of his time in the nursery, with Baby. He would sit on Baby's shoulder, eat out of his hand, and let himself be held or .

handled in any way. Whatever Baby chose to do with him, he seemed perfectly contented with life.

With the Judge's family lived a colored girl named Ellen, who was very superstitious ; and she did not like the bird at all, saying that its coming to Baby was a bad sign, and that it ought to be driven away. Ellen was not allowed to do this, and so the bird stayed, taking very good care to keep out of her way. As the summer advanced, Baby seemed to grow more frail and feeble. The doctor thought traveling might be good for him, so the mother started off with Susie, Baby, and nurse, driving twenty or thirty miles a day, stopping when any one was tired, or they came to a comfortable place to pass the night. In this way they went on into New Hampshire, where the coachman became so homesick that he said he really must run away if they did not turn round and go home. As the mother was satisfied that Baby did not improve in health, she decided to return, and arrived safe at home after an absence of three weeks. Baby was very glad to get home again, and was warmly welcomed by Malt, but the pigeon was not there. What had become of him no one ever knew. Perhaps he missed his playfellow and

flew away, or perhaps Ellen drove him off, but he never was seen again. In a little time, Baby became very ill, and died, when not quite a year and a half old.

For many days Malty used to go into the nursery and cry for her companion, until one day she followed the mother into a spare room not often opened, where Baby's crib had been set. She walked round and round the crib, rubbing against it as she used to do when Baby was in it, then jumped into it and smelt it all over, got out again, and went down-stairs, and never cried for Baby any more. After that she never let any little child come near her, though she lived to be very old, and was much petted by the family. After she lost her eyesight, she was fed and taken care of as any blind person would have been, but finally she lost the use of her limbs, and the mother was obliged to have her released from suffering; but the children never knew how Malty died.

## MAX.



THE mother kept her resolution in regard to dogs for many years ; but at last a friend offered such a beautiful greyhound that she could not find courage to resist the entreaties of the children, and the pretty creature was brought home. He was a most elegant and gentlemanly dog, tripping softly about the house, taking such graceful attitudes that he always seemed to be sitting for his picture, and show-

ing his affection by the most delicate and fascinating caresses. There was no danger of his bringing mud into the house, for he was wretched if his feet were damp, and it was amusing to watch him daintily picking his way across a muddy street, shaking each paw clean as he raised it from the ground. He always preferred to lie on something white, and if he could not get into a room with a white bed-spread, he would cry at the door a long time, rather than take his nap on a bed with a chintz cover. This taste was strongly objected to by the keepers of hotels, when Max went travelling with his master. He was very frolicsome, and delighted to race over the house with a shoe in his mouth, and all the children running and shouting after him. He was most ingenious in coaxing his friends to take walks with him. He would bound round the hat-stand, and then jump up on his master, and run to the hats again ; then cry, and run round and round like a mad creature, until some one would take pity, and go out with him.

When he went with his young mistresses, he was evidently anxious for their safety, and cried dismally if they climbed stone walls or rocks. When they went into the sea for a

bath, he was perfectly miserable, and never ceased crying until they were safe on land again. To be sure, he did not try to rescue them, as Brave and Pero would have done; but then he could not swim very well, and it was perhaps better that he could not. A nephew of the Judge could never get a bath when his dog, a water-spaniel, was near. As soon as poor Fido saw his master in deep water, he plunged in to rescue him, and dragged him on shore by his hair.

Max was greatly troubled at any signs of suffering or sorrow. When one of the children, one day, threw herself on the floor and cried very hard, Max soon began to cry too, and kissed her face and hands, to comfort her. When she took no notice of this, he lay down beside her, and put his paw over her neck, just as if he had been another child. This succeeded, and they were soon playing happily together. Max was always fed at the table, going from one to another and receiving something from each. His table manners were the prettiest and most refined ever seen; but he was very dainty, and would never touch bread when he could get cake. One day he came as usual to dinner, but soon ran out of the house, and returned in a few minutes with his most



intimate dog friend, whom he had evidently invited to dine with him. They both sat down, and quietly waited to be fed.

But though Max had so many endearing qualities, his moral education had been neglected. He had not been early taught not to bark and steal, and he could not learn after he was grown up. He barked furiously at every stranger who approached the house, and it was really distressing to see how he frightened little children. All the family would run out, each armed with a switch, and try to punish him; but he only capered about a little, enjoying the chase, and then bounded off, and remained out of sight until he thought the affair had been forgotten.

He stole incessantly. A lady living near was once preparing for a tea-party, and having baked her cake in nice little hearts and rounds, and frosted them all, she left them in the china closet to cool. When she came in later, she found Max eating the last one. On another occasion, he seemed very unwell, and as he could not eat or play, but drank water almost incessantly, and as he had a decided swollen appearance, great anxiety was felt about him. His friends suspected poison, his enemies suggested madness. But all fears were at last set

at rest by the discovery that he had, the day before, stolen two salted hams from two different dinner-tables. Half the time of the family, for the next few days, was spent in apologies, which, after all, did not in the least diminish the indignation of the injured parties. Then he was very selfish, and always wanted the best of everything. He insisted upon lying in the very easiest chair in the parlor; and if he saw any person going towards the chair, he bounded by, and stationed himself in it before any one knew what he was doing. One day a very much dressed lady came to call on the mother, and happened to sit down in this chair, which Max considered as his own. Pretty soon Max came in and saw the lady sitting there, and after crying and jumping round her for a little time, finding she took no notice of him, he suddenly leaped in behind her, pushing her entirely out of the chair and down upon the floor. Max, having gained his point in this rude manner, calmly settled himself for a nap.

One night the mother, having gone to bed, was waked by Max poking his cold nose in her face. A good deal annoyed at being waked, she sent him down-stairs. She was hardly asleep a second time, however, when Max

again waked her. This time he refused to go down-stairs, but remained outside of her door, crying. The mother concluded something must be wrong, and followed him down-stairs and into the parlor, where she found that, through the carelessness of some one, the gas had not been put out. She turned down the gas, and then Max seemed perfectly satisfied, and made no more disturbance that night.

On one occasion his master had a case to argue in a distant town, and before a judge with whom Max was not acquainted. He took Max with him, but shut him up before he went to the court room. However, he got out by some means, and rushed into the court just as his master was speaking. Here he ran wildly round and round for a moment, and then began barking fiercely at the judge on his high seat. I am afraid his master lost that case.

Finally, Max was really poisoned. He used to sleep on a sofa, under the stairs in the front • entry. One night he waked the whole house barking furiously, and at intervals he barked during the whole night. The next day it was found that burglars had attempted to enter the next house, but were frightened off, and therefore had done no harm. But a day or two after, poor Max came home, looking out of

sorts, and before night, was so ill that a doctor was sent for, who said he had been poisoned. Then we felt sure that the people who had tried to steal from the next house had poisoned our beautiful dog, because he had barked at them and prevented them from carrying out their wicked intentions. The poor creature suffered dreadfully, but was quiet and patient, and grateful for every care bestowed on him. He knew that every effort was being made for his relief, as well as if he had been a child. After a time the great pain was relieved, but he had lost the use of his limbs, and was entirely helpless. He made no complaint until his master came home at night and sat down on the bed where he was lying. Then, by a great effort, he nestled his head in his master's breast, and began to cry in a strange, human, talking tone, as if he were trying to tell the story of his troubles. At last he died, much mourned for by the whole family. But his friends were all glad that his last act was a noble one, and that he died in serving others.

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## LITTLE GRACE.

THE Judge's youngest child was a great comfort to him. She was a funny little girl, with great blue eyes, and golden hair hanging in long curls below her waist. She was petted by all the family, till it was a wonder to every one that she was not a very naughty child. She was full of mischief, and sometimes annoyed even those who loved her best. But she had a warm, loving heart, and fairly worshipped her father, willing to give up any pleasure for the Judge's comfort. She was seldom called upon, however, to wait on others, the whole family being devoted to her. And I hope she never forgot the love showered upon her in those days. When the Judge came home at night, he was always met at the door by the mother and children. But little Grace wanted a more particular attention. So she would hide in some corner, peeping out every moment, while the rest were welcoming the Judge home. He often caught sight of the little beaming face, but would pretend he had not seen her. He

would hunt in every place but the right one, calling for his little girl. Grace could not wait long, however, but would rush into the Judge's arms, laughing so loud, that you could have heard her all over the house. And then there was always something nice for the little one, — a box of figs, or an orange, or a large apple, always something in the pocket of the Judge's overcoat.

At table, Grace must have her chair placed next her father; and as she did not like the crusts of her bread, the Judge always ate them for her, giving Grace, in exchange, the inside of his own. I think she was a naughty little girl, when she had such sharp little teeth, to allow her father to eat her crusts. After tea, the Judge, feeling tired from sitting in court all day, often walked up and down the parlors. Grace thought she, too, must "eterhise," as she called it; so she would walk gravely by the Judge's side, taking hold of his hand, till her bed-time.

No one must put the little one to bed but the Judge himself; and it was kneeling at his side Grace liked best to say her prayers. Then the Judge would walk from room to room with the little girl in his arms, till she was fast asleep. The mother, knowing how tired the

Judge was at night, would sometimes remonstrate with him, telling him that he indulged Grace too much. But he always said that as "he liked it, and the child liked it, he could see no reason for giving up the practice."

Grace was very fond of going to church, although she was never still a moment after she



got there. She would always place herself close to the Judge, who, being rather absent-minded, often did not notice what the child was about. One Sunday the mother noticed that the people near her seemed much

amused. Glancing toward the foot of the pew, she was greatly shocked at seeing the Judge sitting very upright, and entirely absorbed, listening to the sermon, but having on the top of his head a funny little bit of a bonnet trimmed with bright blue ribbons, which belonged to Grace, while the child herself was peeping up into his face, to see how the Judge looked in her bonnet.

Grace liked to go to the pond at the foot of the garden. The mother, fearing that she might go alone sometimes, said a good deal to her against it, telling her she would certainly drown, should she fall in. A gentleman was at the house one day, with his dog. Thinking it would amuse Grace, he proposed her going with him to the pond, to see Fido bring out the sticks his master threw into the water. The little girl enjoyed the fun immensely; but at last Fido rushed past Grace with such force, that he threw her into the pond. The faithful dog brought Grace on shore again as easily as he had brought the sticks to his master. No harm was done, and the child enjoyed her bath very much, returning to the mother in high glee because, she said, "she had fallen into the pond after all, and was not 'drowned' a bit."

One day the mother, wishing to go out, left



Grace in charge of Aunt Sophy. She had not been gone very long, when Grace wanted to go to the next house and play with a little girl living there. Aunt Sophy did not think it best that she should go, and told Grace so. The little girl wanted very much to have her own way, but Aunt Sophy, though kind, was very firm. At last Aunt Sophy happening to go to the china closet, Grace ran after her and locked the door, putting the key into her pocket. Then the naughty little girl went to her friend's house, intending to spend the day. George, coming home later, heard faint cries from the closet, and going to the door, discovered Aunt Sophy a prisoner there.

He could not let her out, however, for the key was gone. George at once started off for the little runaway, and brought her home. Of course every one felt that Grace deserved a punishment, but Aunt Sophy pleaded so hard for the child, that the mother was obliged to forgive her. However, she represented to the little girl Aunt Sophy's sufferings of the afternoon in so pathetic a manner, that I think Grace was never more unhappy. She told Aunt Sophy she was very, very sorry, but said she thought that if Aunt Sophy only put on her spectacles, she might see even in the dark closet, and she knew they were in her pocket.

## POSIE AND HER KITTENS.

GRACE early learned to love all pets, but I think she loved cats and kittens best. When she was only two years old, the Judge sold his place in the country, and the family moved to the city. This was a great change, after living so long upon a farm. The mother thought she should never learn to keep house in the city. Day after day the cook would tell her she could have no pudding for dinner, because the eggs and milk were all gone ; and then the mother, in despair, would order boiled rice, which would take neither milk nor eggs. At last George said he never dared to go into the yard where the chickens were, lest they should peck at him, he had eaten so much rice since he left G. Little Grace was so unhappy, that she would cry all day, and beg to be taken back home again. But, finally, the mother got her a kitten, and you never saw a child more delighted. She tugged the poor creature round with her all day, and had it put in

her bed every night, and from that time she became perfectly contented and happy.

After Grace was old enough to go to school, she came home one day, and found in the parlor a basket directed to her. When the cover was taken off, there, curled up in the basket, was the dearest little kitten, with a blue ribbon round its neck. Such a cry of delight from Grace, and such a hug as she gave the kitten. And now the kitten must have a name. After a great deal of thought, Posie was at last decided upon, because the little girl said she looked just like a posy, lying in the basket. The kitten became very fond of Grace, always watching for her at the window till she came home from school. As soon as she saw her mistress turn the corner, she would start for the door, and was always the first to welcome the little girl home; and then the two would have a good play together till school-time came again. At last Posie had a family of little kittens, and such a proud little mother as she made! Although she had a nice, large basket with soft hay in it, placed in the cellar for her bed, she thought it was not half good enough for her babies. Every day she brought them up, one at a time, and placed them on the bed in the mother's room. At last the mother's

heart was so touched by her perseverance, that she ordered the basket to be brought into her room; and there the kittens grew up, much to the delight of Posie. And not only Grace played with the cat and kittens, but even the big brother George, as soon as he came into the house at night, would rush up to the mother's room, and amuse himself with Posie and her little ones, by the hour together.

Grace's brother Tom, a big boy, who went every morning to a store, was a fast friend to Posie. This brother went so early, that he had his breakfast by himself before the rest of the family were up, and Posie seemed to consider it her charge to attend him during his breakfast. She would always appear as soon as she heard Tom coming down-stairs, and would place herself in his lap at table. She never offered to take anything from his plate, but waited patiently for whatever he chose to give her.

All Posie's children grew up good-mannered cats but one, whose name was Simon. Simon had a peculiar temper. He was a great black cat, with yellow eyes, and what is sometimes called a mutton head. No one thought Simon handsome but Grace, who loved him so much, that he seemed quite beautiful to her. He

was very fond of Grace and Tom, but did not try to make himself agreeable to any one else : and was so conceited, that he did not care whether he was liked or not. In fact, he never hesitated to bite and scratch any one he did not fancy. But he never offered to hurt Grace or Tom, no matter what they did to him. He did not like the table-girl very well, and used to place himself at meal-times under the table; and whenever she came near him, he would fly at her in a terrible rage. The girl gave the mother warning very soon, saying she would not live with people that kept such a fierce cat.

Simon liked very much to lie in the parlor, but Grace's sister thought that as he had all the rest of the house at his disposal, it was not necessary to allow him to sleep on the nice new furniture in the parlor. And Sister Sue was very decided about the matter, always driving him out with a switch. He would go in whenever he had the chance, however ; but the moment Sue said, "Simon, leave the apartment," he would slowly rise, and walk out, whisking his tail in an offended manner, as much as to say, "I don't dare disobey, but I am very much displeased with you all the same." No one else did he pretend to mind, and he paid no

regard to any other form of command, even from Sue. Sometimes Sue would say, just to try him, "Go out, Simon," or, "Leave the room," but he would take no notice of her. I suppose he did not consider the order worded with sufficient elegance. He seemed to think that the whole house, and even the yard, belonged to him, for he never allowed another cat or a dog in either.

Simon was very particular about going to bed in the cellar every night, because he had a nice soft bed there. Then, too, I suppose he found the cellar a warm bedroom. Tom spent most of his evenings in his own room upstairs; but before he went to bed, he used to go down into the kitchen and cellar, to lock up that part of the house. Just as soon as Tom's step was heard on the stairs as he came from his room, no matter where Simon was, or how sound asleep he seemed to be, he would start off after Tom, and follow him down, lest he might get locked out of the cellar, and have to sleep somewhere else.

But poor Simon at last met his death in a very sad manner. He had been out one day to drive a dog from the yard. Unfortunately, this dog was very fierce, and had been taught just how to fight cats, so that after a struggle,

Simon was so badly hurt, that he left the enemy, and came into the house for care. His wounds proved serious; and after lingering a few days, he went to his bed in the cellar, and never again left it. Grace was away from home at the time of Simon's accident, so the whole care of him during his illness came upon Tom. And a most devoted nurse he was too, carrying Simon all his food. At last the poor creature became so ill that he could not help himself in the least, and then Tom used to feed him with a tea-spoon, pouring the milk down his throat. But after a little he could not even swallow, and then he very soon died. He was buried with great ceremony, under a wide-spreading apple-tree in the garden. But I fear that among all the family, only Grace and Tom really mourned his death, for they were the only ones to whom he had ever shown himself kind and gentle.

Grace once had a little dog named Flora, who died, leaving a family of three puppies only one day old. And at the same time she had a cat with kittens. All the kittens were destroyed but one. The cat brought up the three puppies and one kitten. It was a funny sight to see the cat when the puppies began to bark. She evidently thought it very

strange mewling. Grace kept the kitten and one puppy. Kitty was very like a dog in all her ways, and was very fond of Fido. When Grace went to walk, Kitty and Fido always went with her, and Fido would fight with any dog that attacked Kitty. Kitty always slept with Fido in his house, and never seemed happy



without him. One day Fido was bitten when playing with a large Newfoundland dog, and died in a very short time. Poor little Kitty watched the Judge as he buried her playfellow under a large cherry-tree in the garden, and then came back to the house. She would eat



nothing, and before a week had gone by she was found one morning dead in the garden, on Fido's grave. All the family mourned for dear faithful Kitty, particularly the Judge, of whom she was very fond. She always sat on his head when he was writing his letters for the post. It was a pretty sight indeed, the Judge writing at his desk, very careful not to disturb the purring kitten, as she reposed on his head.

## THE SCARLET FEVER.

ONE day Sue complained of a very sore throat and a great deal of headache, while she seemed feverish. So the mother, feeling anxious about her, sent for a doctor, who at once pronounced it a case of scarlet fever. He said every one in the house had been exposed to the disease, so it would be of no use sending the children away. The mother felt very unhappy, and all the more troubled as the Judge was away from home. Poor Sue was pretty ill, and the mother took care of her as long as she was able. But in a day or two she was obliged to give up the care of her daughter to a nurse, and went to bed herself with a severe sore throat.

The same evening George locked himself into his own room, allowing no one to enter but the doctor, who reported that George too had the fever. The very next day Anna was taken ill. So you see Tom and Grace were the only well ones in the family. The mother sent

for her housekeeper and told her she must look after the children and desired her to be very kind to them. The children soon found that they could do pretty much as they wished.

Mrs. Durant carried the keys of the closets about with her, but any and every thing Grace or Tom wanted she let them have. And they liked mince-pie about as well as anything the store-closet contained, probably because they had never been allowed to eat more than one small piece once in a while. So at breakfast, instead of taking their usual simple meal, Tom would order a mince-pie, off which they generally made their breakfast, often eating a whole pie between them. At dinner they would order several kinds of preserve, some cake, a little honey, of which they were very fond, and always ended by eating nuts and raisins. They neither of them cared for meat, so had none cooked. Tea always consisted of mince-pie. I think it was fortunate for them that they were soon taken with the scarlet fever, for they must have died had they been left to themselves and Mrs. Durant's kindness many days.

One day they wandered up into the attic, where the family rubbish had been accumulat-

ing for years. Here they found all sorts of treasures. At last they came across an old trunk which contained, among other things, a soldier's cap, some epaulets, and a long sword. Tom at once dressed himself in a cloak from another trunk, put on the cap and epaulets, and fastened the sword at his side, saying they would play "soldier." Tom of course was to be Captain, and as Grace had no proper uniform, he thought she had better be the "Awkward Squad." Grace felt sure so long a name could only belong to a very important individual, and was enchanted with the honor thus bestowed upon her. She insisted, however, that as Tom had the cap and sword, she must wear the epaulets. It was a trial to Tom to relinquish this important part of his dress, but he felt that it was no more than fair that Grace should have them.

They amused themselves playing soldier for some two or three hours. But finally they tired of playing, and Tom proposed dressing Grace up in his clothes. Grace thought this would be great fun. So Tom put his jacket on his sister, which came almost to the bottom of her dress, then put round her neck his collar and neck-tie, and on top of her light curls he placed his own hat. Then he sent Grace

down-stairs for a lamp, in which he burned a cork. And upon the child's face Tom marked, with the cork, a pair of ferocious whiskers. These whiskers, as you can imagine, were hardly in keeping with Grace's fair skin and blue eyes. His own face he almost covered with the black from the cork, till he was a sight to behold. Grace said "it fairly frightened her just to look at him."

When this performance was finished, it was nearly dark, and Tom suddenly remembered it was about time for the doctor to come. "Let's go down-stairs," said Tom, "and hide behind the front door, and when the doctor comes in we will jump out at him, and I bet he will holler some." Grace thought it would be good fun, but proposed that they should frighten Mrs. Durant instead. Tom soon overcame her scruples, however, and down-stairs the two children went, all disfigured as they were, to wait behind the door till the doctor should come for his evening visit. Soon they heard his carriage stop at the gate, and in a moment more he was inside the hall. Then both these funny little objects sprang upon him. He was decidedly startled, which delighted the children. They laughed so loud and so long that at last Dr. H. told them "they would certainly be

sick; that doctors always made children ill when they frightened him." This statement impressed Grace very much, though Tom assured her "the doctor was only in fun."

That night, for some reason, the mince-pie did not taste as good as usual. Tom said "he was tired of it," and proposed "they should have some candy instead." But Grace said "she was not hungry," and I don't believe Tom was either; for though he tried the pie and some cake, and although Mrs. Durant produced the candy, he hardly touched anything. In the middle of the night Dr. H. was called to the children, who both had the fever. I can assure you he laughed as much at them as they had laughed at him, when he found them in their two little beds, each with a very smutty face. It was found impossible to get the black off, and the servant-girl, in trying to wash off the burned cork, had spread it over the whole of Grace's face till she looked more like a little black girl than a white one. Tom utterly refused to have his face touched, and he lay in his bed just as he had blacked his face some hours before. Grace firmly believed that the doctor had given them the scarlet fever for having frightened him. She would not rest herself, nor allow Tom to be quiet, till he had

promised he would never make fun of a doctor again.

The Judge, who arrived home that night, was greatly alarmed when he saw his two youngest children. He thought at first the smut was some terrible effect of the fever. He was soon reassured, however, and laughed heartily when he heard of the doctor's revenge. "And, dear father," said Grace, "don't for the world let Dr. H. know you laughed about it, for I am sure he would give you the fever too. I think he likes people to be very sober."

## TEENTY-TONTY.

ONE day Grace, coming home from school, found a lady sitting in the mother's room. She was a sweet-looking lady, with soft brown eyes, and such a pleasant, kind expression that Grace did not feel at all timid when the lady asked her to come and kiss her.

"This is Miss Turner, Grace, and one of my dearest friends," said the mother.

"And Miss Turner likes little girls very much," said the lady; "and after tea, if you are not too sleepy, and would like to hear a story, I will tell you one of a little girl even smaller than you are, Grace."

"O, I like stories more than anything else," said Grace. "I hope it will be a good long one."

Miss Turner laughed at the little girl's enthusiasm, while she promised to make the story last till Grace's bed-time.

"But," said Grace, "we get through tea by half-past seven, and I always sit up till eight,



and when we have company the mother often lets me stay up till half past eight; so the story might have to be a whole hour long."

"Very well, Grace, I will tell you a story of a whole hour long, if you would like me to."

So Grace ran into the nursery to be dressed for tea, and all the while she was talking about the beautiful lady who had promised such a long story. And all through tea, Grace could hardly eat anything, but sat looking at Miss Turner, till the lady asked her if she was trying to find out what the story was she had in her mind. Grace was covered with confusion, and hardly dared raise her eyes again from her plate. However, when tea was over, and Miss Turner, seating herself in a low rocking-chair, asked Grace to sit in her lap, the little girl nestled her head against the lady's shoulder with as much confidence as though she had known her always.

"What sort of a story do you like best, little Grace?" asked Miss Turner.

"Can you tell me just any sort I want?" asked the little girl with wondering eyes.

"Yes," the lady said.

"O! then please tell a long fairy story," said Grace.

"Well, then, once upon a time there was a

little girl. So little she was, so *very* small, that her mother named her Teenty-tonty. And this little girl was very fond of taking walks all alone. But she was so small that her mother always felt uneasy about having her away. She allowed her to go to walk sometimes, if she would first promise not to go near the water.

“One day Teenty-tonty asked her mother if she might take a walk, and her mother said, ‘You may if you will be sure and not go farther than the end of our own fence, for I am afraid, if you walk any farther, you may be tempted to go near the water.’ Teenty-tonty promised, but she found it so dull walking on the sidewalk, that she thought it would be no harm to go into the field back of the house; and she had gone but a very short distance when she came in sight of the river. But she thought there would be no harm just to walk *near* the water, if she kept far enough from the edge of the bank. She had gone but a few steps, when she saw something white growing in the water near the bank, and going nearer to see what it was, she found that it was three beautiful white water-lilies. ‘O! how perfectly lovely,’ said the little girl to herself. ‘I should like to get those for mother.’ So she

went to the edge of the bank, and was stooping down to pick them, when she heard something say 'T-A-K-E C-A-R-E.' She looked up, but could see no one. So she decided it must have been the wind blowing through the trees. But she made up her mind to go home without the flowers.

"Teenty-tonty had only gone a very little



way, however, when she remembered how beautiful the water-lilies were, and how glad her mother would be to have them. So she turned back, and reached after the water-lilies once more, when she was again startled by hearing the same words, 'T-A-K-E C-A-R-E.' She looked up very quickly, but could see nothing

near, except a perfectly black crow, which had perched itself in one of the highest branches of a tree growing just on the bank of the river. Teenty-tonty decided that the bird must have moved suddenly, and that she only imagined she had heard the same words for the second time. She again made up her mind to go directly home, and perhaps her mother would come with her the next day, and then she could gather the flowers without danger.

“ But all the way home the child lounged for the water-lilies, and half turned three or four times to go back for them. She got even as far as her own gate, before she fairly determined to return. The desire then to possess those flowers became so strong that she ran all the way back once more, not allowing herself to think of anything else, till she came to the place where they grew. Then, stooping down to pick the lillies, she heard for the third time the words ‘ T-A-K-E C-A-R-E,’ — while the crow gave a screech and flew into the water. At the same instant Teenty-tonty herself fell into the river. Down, down she went, and still down, till it seemed to her she should never stop. But at last she came to the very bottom. And there sat the very funniest little old woman, who seemed hardly any taller than

Teenty-tonty herself, though she was so fat, and so large round, that she was every bit as broad as she was long. She was entirely dressed in black, and her eyes were so bright that they really seemed to shine. She was sitting in a low chair, reading.

“Teenty-tonty was so surprised at seeing



this old woman, that she cried out, ‘O! goody gracious!’

“‘Yes,’ said the old woman without even looking up, ‘that’s just my name. Now you have been a very naughty girl, for you have entirely disobeyed your mother’s commands, and you ought to suffer for it. But you are very little, and are generally a pretty

good little girl. So, as you wanted the flowers simply that your mother might enjoy them, I shall give you an opportunity to serve your dear mother. Here are the water-lilies you wanted so much, and you shall have the entire care of them while you are with me. But now listen to what I tell you. The flowers must be watered every night at ten o'clock. And as long as you water them at this hour they will keep fresh, and will grow more beautiful each day. But if they are neglected but *one time*, the first will droop and die ; if *twice*, the second will die ; and if you forget the third time, the last of the three will die. When the first one withers, you may know that your mother is very sad ; when the second one withers, she will be very ill ; and should the third one wither, you will know that your mother is dead.'

"Teenty-tonty took the three flowers, which she thought were the most beautiful she had ever seen, feeling very sure that no harm would come to them. She should be so sorry to know that her kind, good mother was sad, while to know that she was ill would make her wretched indeed. If the third one withered, and she knew her mother was dead, she should wish to die herself. So she thanked Goody

Gracious for her wonderful gift, telling her she need not fear, for they would certainly have the best of care.

“ ‘Very well,’ said Goody Gracious, ‘be sure that your good resolutions last.’

“Teenty-tonty lived a whole week with Goody Gracious, and all that time she never once forgot the flowers, and it made her very happy to think she was keeping her dear mother happy and well. And each time she watered the lilies it almost seemed to her that she could see her dear mother’s eyes looking at her and thanking her for the care she bestowed upon the flowers.

“One day Goody Gracious told the little girl that there was to be a dance that evening in the hall, and that she might go to it if she liked. She told her that the dance was to be given by the frogs, who lived in the river. Teenty-tonty was delighted at the idea of seeing anything so funny.

“ ‘But,’ said Goody Gracious, ‘do you think you can remember to leave by fifteen minutes of ten, that you may be home in plenty of time to water your flowers?’

“ ‘Yes, indeed,’ said Teenty-tonty, — ‘you need not feel at all alarmed, for I could never forget my beautiful water-lilies. I shall start for home by half past nine.’

“‘In that case,’ said Goody Gracious, ‘I will give you a ticket which will admit you to one of the best seats in the gallery.’

“At half past seven Teenty-tonty was seated in the carriage on her way to the hall. And she found that her seat was directly opposite a large clock. She thought the frogs’ ball was the most amusing sight she had ever witnessed.



They did not conduct themselves like common frogs, but behaved just as people might have done. When a gentleman frog wished to ask any lady to dance, he would offer her his arm in the most polite manner, and they would hop off together, evidently considering that they made a most imposing appearance.



“Teenty-tonty sat laughing, as she watched them, till the tears fairly rolled down her cheeks. When she first took her seat, she could hardly keep her eyes off the clock, but she gradually thought less and less about it, till finally she became so engrossed, as dance after dance took place, that she lost all remembrance of everything but her present enjoyment. At last, however, she looked towards the clock, and found, to her utter dismay, that it was half past ten. Quick as a shot the little girl left her seat, and ran every step of the way home. She hurried up to her own room, and found one of her beautiful water-lilies quite dead.’ And the two others looked drooping. But the water soon revived them, so that they were almost as fresh as ever. And now Teenty-tonty knew that her dear mother was very sad, and that it was *her* carelessness that made her so. Poor child, she had never felt so unhappy before. But she resolved to keep the other two fresh at all hazards.

“The next morning she told Goody Gracious, with tears in her eyes, that her first flower had faded. Goody Gracious looked very grave, while she told Teenty-tonty that she intended letting her go to a concert the nightingales were to give that evening. ‘But,’ said

Goody Gracious, 'perhaps you would rather not go lest you might forget your second flower, as you did the other one.'

" 'O! there is no danger of that,' answered Teenty-tonty, 'I can think of nothing but my two remaining flowers, and it would be *impossible* for me to neglect them.'

" 'Very well,' said Goody Gracious, 'I should like you to hear the concert, for all the nightingales in the world are to sing. But remember your second flower will need water by ten.'

" Teenty-tonty was very sure that she should be home in good season. When she took her old seat in the gallery, she could see nothing but the thousands upon thousands of birds. She almost dreaded to have them sing, for it seemed as though the noise from so many must deafen her. But when they did begin to sing, instead of this immense volume of sound she had expected, it was the lowest, sweetest, music she had ever heard. As the birds sang, the music grew louder and louder, and was finally taken up by voices outside; but though in some parts the music was loud, it was always sweet and pleasant. And it seemed to be a song of two little birds who had lost their father and mother, and were left all alone in the world.

“Teenty-tonty looked at the clock (as she had done almost every five minutes through the evening), and found it was just nine o’clock. The story told how one little bird was deformed and lame, and his name was Brownback. And the other little bird was his sister, and her name was Swiftwing. Little Swiftwing took all the care of her brother, and went off every morning to get food for him before she had her own breakfast. But one day Swiftwing happened to fly into a cherry-tree belonging to a cross farmer, who had placed some nets in his tree on purpose to catch any little bird who was unfortunate enough to visit his garden, and one of these horrid nets caught poor little Swiftwing.

“Again Teenty-tonty looked at the clock, and found to her sorrow that it was half past nine. However, she thought she could stay a little longer and hear what became of Swiftwing, because a quarter of an hour later would be quite time enough to start for home. Poor little Swiftwing tried with all her strength to get out of the net, but in vain. Then she cried out as loud as she could, hoping some bird would hear her. But no one answered, and she thought she must die there, when at last, to her joy, she heard one little bird in the

distance singing his morning song, (and here one of the nightingales began to sing, all alone, one of the sweetest songs Teenty-tonty had ever heard). And presently another bird, and then another, was heard, till all the birds in the place began their morning song. And at last little Swiftwing made them hear her cries for help. So they all came to the farmer's cherry-tree and picked at the silk of which the net was made till there was a hole large enough for Swiftwing to escape. And then every bird burst into one loud song of joy, for they all loved good little Swiftwing.

“ ‘O! how very, *very* beautiful!’ exclaimed Teenty-tonty as she involuntarily looked toward the clock. But, oh misery! It was quarter past ten. And the little girl grew quite faint, as the thought rushed upon her that her dear, good mother was ill. She ran all the way home, and found her second flower, as she knew she should find it, quite dead. And now she had but one water-lily left, and this last one even then looked drooping. But she watered it, and it seemed to revive.

“ ‘I can never forget this last precious flower,’ said Teenty-tonty, ‘for upon my care of this depends my mother’s very life.’

“Teenty-tonty refused to leave home for

many days. And her one flower grew more beautiful all the time. But at last she heard there was to be a real fairy dance, and she thought she should like to go ever so much. She asked Goody Gracious if she might be present.

“‘Yes,’ Goody Gracious said, ‘you can go; but you can’t stay till the dance is over, for unless you are home by ten your last flower must fade.’

“So Teenty-tonty decided to think about it all day, and let Goody Gracious know her determination that evening.

“When the evening came, she had made up her mind to go. Goody Gracious told her she should touch her with the wand, and make Teenty-tonty into a fairy too, that she might dance with the rest. In a second Teenty-tonty felt herself growing smaller and smaller, till she thought there would be nothing left of her, while at the same time a little pair of wings grew out from her shoulders. She glanced into the long mirror and saw reflected there a lovely little fairy all dressed in silver and gold, with a crown of diamonds upon her head.

“‘Can that be really I?’ thought the little girl.

“‘Yes,’ answered Goody Gracious, just as though Teenty-tonty had spoken. ‘It is you; but *re-mem-ber* to be home by ten o’clock.’

“‘Indeed, you need not fear,’ said the child, — ‘I have suffered too severely from the loss of my two flowers to let my last one fade.’

“Before Teenty-tonty started, she flew upstairs with her new wings, and took a look at her water-lily, to make sure that it was all safe and where no harm could come to it during her absence. The little girl thought the flower looked even more beautiful than on the day when she had longed so for it, and had finally fallen into the river in trying to get it.

“‘My darling mother will never die, if taking care of this water-lily will keep her alive,’ thought the child; ‘for how could a little girl live who had no mother?’

“Then she flew down-stairs, and found a beautiful little carriage made of a bluebell and drawn by four butterflies, waiting to take her to the fairy ball. And what a sight awaited her there. Teenty-tonty was at first so blinded by the glitter and display that she was obliged to put her hands to her face, and keep her eyes covered for some moments. But after a little she was able to enjoy the whole scene. The room was filled with the very loveliest lit-

tle creatures she had ever imagined. For she had never before seen real live faries. She had thought her own dress most beautiful before she had left Goody Gracious, but now she saw that each fairy present wore a dress quite as handsome as her own. She danced every moment ; but after each dance was over, and before she began another, she was careful to look at the clock and make sure that she had plenty of time. She decided that she would leave at exactly a quarter of ten, for then she should be home soon enough to take off her beautiful dress and be changed back into her own self before she watered her flower. The butterflies had brought her to the ball in two minutes.

“ And sure enough at exactly a quarter of ten she got all ready to start ; but just as she was preparing to go to her carriage, the Prince who gave the ball asked her hand for the next dance. She of course felt very much delighted at the honor thus bestowed upon her, although she hesitated for a moment, fearing she should not have time. The temptation was very great, however, and glancing toward the clock once more, she decided she should have time for this one dance, and there would be still three minutes left before ten. Besides, it was not

necessary, after all, that she should change her dress before she watered her flower. And so Teenty-tonty accepted the Prince's offer. How beautifully he danced, and how all the other fairies looked at her and seemed to envy her ! Then he told such funny stories, and such interesting ones, that Teenty-tonty found herself listening even after the dance was over.



“ But all at once the thought of her flower came across her mind, and she quickly looked at the clock to find it JUST TEN. Poor little Teenty-tonty burst out crying, and ran off without even excusing herself to the Prince. She found her carriage waiting for her, and she entreated the butterflies to take her home



just as soon as possible. She reached her own room at two minutes *past* ten. And alas! for Teenty-tonty, her last flower had drooped. She watered it, and cried over it, but the time was past, by only *two* minutes, when she could save her last, most precious water-lily. And the little girl knew that her dear, dear mother was dead. She cried, and cried, and cried, till she cried herself to sleep.

“And when Teenty-tonty waked the next morning, she found she was in her own room, and in her own little bed. The child’s mother was sitting by her side, holding her hand. On a stand by the bed was a vase, which held three water-lilies. Teenty-tonty threw her arms round her mother, saying, ‘Are you really my own dear, darling mother, after all, and have you been alive all this time?’

“‘Why, yes, you silly child, of course I am alive,’ said her mother.

“‘But how did I get home again?’ asked Teenty-tonty.

“‘You have been very ill, so ill that we feared you would die,’ said her mother; ‘and your mind has been wandering ever since you fell into the river a week ago, and Mr. Austin saved you from drowning.’

“‘Then I did fall into the water,’ said Teenty-tonty.

“ ‘Yes,’ answered her mother, ‘and you have been talking about frogs and nightingales, and about an old woman you called Goody Gracious. When you were brought home, you had three water-lilies in your hand ; so I have kept them by your bedside ever since.’

“ ‘O ! what a strange dream I have had,’ said Teenty-tonty. So she told her mother all about it. ‘And, mother dear, I shall never disobey you again as long as I live,’ said the child, when she had finished the story of her dream.”

Here Miss Turner pointed to the parlor clock, and told Grace that her story had been more than an hour and a half long.

“ O ! thank you ever so much,” said Grace, “ for such a beautiful story. But I can never sleep, for I want to think of Teenty-tonty all the time.”

“ Your eyes certainly don’t look sleepy,” said Miss Turner. “ Are you sure you can shut them ? ”

Grace laughed, as she shut her eyes for a second, to show Miss Turner that she could, and then, after kissing every one good-night, the little girl went to bed, to dream that Goody Gracious had turned her little white kitten Sphinx into a water-lily.

## THE CHICKENS.

WHEN the family moved from G., the mother said she could live without horses, and cows, and pigs; but she must have her hens. So a nice hen-house was built, with a large poultry-yard attached to it, that the hens might have a place for exercise. But the mother felt that this yard was not half big enough to give them room to run about and scratch. So she decided that if she let them out for a few minutes just at night, they would not have time enough to do any harm to the garden. But you shall hear the result of letting them out just at night.

One evening, the mother, knowing what a treat it would be to her hens, ordered the hen-house door opened. A few moments afterwards two different neighbors came rushing to the house: one to say that the chickens were scratching up his vegetable-garden; and the other to report a rooster and five hens as busily employed in eating up all the seeds just planted

in his flower-beds. The gardener was sent at once to the different gardens, with orders to drive the offenders home, and to repair, as far as possible, the mischief done. Some one then suggested that, as the hens had been out a few moments, perhaps it would be as well to shut them up. But the mother's heart led her to believe that no more harm would be done, and she thought they might safely be left in her own yard for the little time remaining before dark. Quiet had hardly been established, however, when a cry from Anna caused the family to rush to the window, and from there they beheld a sight that fairly dismayed them all. The flower-garden was laid out with great care, and in the centre of the lawn in front of the house, was a mound, covered with every variety of verbenas. This bed was the most choice thing in the whole garden, much time and money having been spent to bring it to its present state of perfection. When the family now looked upon the mound, nothing was at first seen but a cloud of dust flying in every direction. Almost buried in it were some dozen hens, all scratching as though they meant to make the most of their time before dark. Not one plant was left; and when the offenders were driven off, the once beauti-

ful mound was nothing but a heap of earth, full of deep holes. After this last misfortune, even the mother decided that the hens should remain on their own grounds.

I must tell you of the mother's two roosters. One was a great, awkward, long-legged Shanghai; the other a little, graceful Bantam. These two could never agree; and, strange as it may



seem, the bantam always came off victorious. Shanghai would rush after Bantam, to drive him out of the yard. But Bantam, instead of running off, would quietly slip under the big fellow, placing himself between his feet. Then Shanghai, thinking that he had disposed of his adversary, would prepare to flap his wings

and crow out his triumph. But, quick as a flash, Bantam would jump up in front of him, bringing his sharp little spurs together, and then return to his hiding-place. Shanghai, a good deal hurt, and decidedly astonished, would stand looking all round, and wonder where the impudent little fellow had gone. Even while he was looking for him, Bantam, rushing upon him, would again spur and peck poor Shanghai as before. This would continue till Shanghai, in perfect despair and confusion, would start on a run, tumbling over Bantam at every step, till, finally, frightened almost to death, he would hide himself in the farthest corner of the hen-house, leaving Bantam in full possession of the hen-yard, which was just what the little fellow wanted.

Grace made a great pet of Bantam. In fact, he lived most of the time in the nursery, learning there many funny tricks. Grace would put him on the back of a chair, and say to him, "Now, Bantam, crow," and the rooster would flap his wings and crow, as long as he was left there. Then she would hide some corn in the room, and tell Bantam to find it. He would never rest till the corn was found; and then, I can assure you, it did not take him long to eat it.

One of the hens, after setting a long while, hatched out, about Christmas time, one poor little chicken. The mother said she would not have the hen wasting her time taking care of that forlorn little specimen. So the chicken was taken into the kitchen, to be brought up by the cook. A basket, with soft hay in it, was placed near the fire, and there the chicken lived. Grace named the little creature Johnny, and he became a great pet with all the family. He utterly refused to have anything to do with the other poultry, but spent all his time with the family, following them wherever they went, just as a dog might have done. He liked every one but the grocer boy, who, I suppose, sometime must have played roughly with him; for the moment the boy appeared at the kitchen door in the morning, Johnny would fly upon the back of a chair, or on the table, and never cease scolding till the grocer boy had received his orders, and left. Then Johnny would descend from his perch in a very much disturbed state of mind, and sometimes it would be a long while before he would recover from this little burst of temper.

The cat and Johnny were fast friends, always sleeping in the same basket. One day Grace came running to the mother, saying that

Johnny had laid an egg. The mother said she must be mistaken. But Grace persisted that there was a little egg in the basket, and either Johnny or the cat must have laid it. Her mother went to see, and, sure enough, Johnny had laid an egg, and continued to lay them as long as she lived. So you see Johnny, after all, turned out to be a little hen.

This same kitten, who was such a friend to Johnny, used to play with a monkey that came from Java. This monkey led her a very sad life. He would make a baby of her, and open her eyes when she was asleep. Sometimes, puss would rebel, and there would be a great battle between the two; but usually she would let Jacko pass hours playing with her, as children play with dolls.



GOVERNOR WISE, AND THE OLD GRAY.

SEVEN years ago the Judge's eldest son, the bravest, best, and dearest of his flock, fell on a distant battle-field, with an enemy's bullet through the heart that had beaten so warmly with the love of all God's creatures. His own officers loved him so well that they eagerly offered up their liberty, and risked life itself, to comfort his last moments. The enemy, who had feared him in battle, but never feared injury to their women and children from his command, received the body of their noble foe with tender respect. The city which he had governed as a conquered town, prepared to give him burial in their own church-yard. But his friends rescued his precious remains, and brought them home. With thoughtful kindness, which will never be forgotten, they brought also his horse and dog, — the dog a beautiful English pointer, and the horse lame with two bullet wounds, and looking so pathetic that he seemed to every one to be mourning for his master.

The name of the dog, given by his former master, was Governor Wise, and his story was as follows:—The command were one day in Strasburg, when the Colonel saw him running about the streets, and without thinking, said, “I wish that dog was mine.” They continued their march; and when they were some miles from the town, Wise was discovered among the



men. No one could tell how he came there, except one long Yankee private, who would only say, in answer to all questions, “I heerd the Colonel say he wanted that dog, so there the dog is.” The Colonel inquired into his history; and finding that he belonged to a little lame boy, ordered him to be returned when

they next went through Strasburg. It was some weeks, however, before they were in the place again; and by that time the dog had grown so fond of his new master that he would not leave him. He became a great pet, and always slept in his master's tent. An officer, who passed the night before the Colonel's last battle with him, remembers that the dog cried with cold, and the Colonel got up, untied the rope which fastened him to the tent pole, and took him between his own blankets.

Wise took kindly to his Northern home, and unbounded care was lavished upon him by his new friends. The mother seemed almost to adopt him as a child, and he lived a life of constant petting. But when the cold weather came, the poor Southern creature suffered very much; and when the first snow fell, he was seized with a lung fever, and died in a few days.

The horse has been more fortunate. His wounds were carefully dressed; and at last he recovered, though not for months after the bullet was taken out. He had been more than three years in the war, and had received his first wound at the battle of Bull Run. He seems to enjoy the ways of peace, however, and draws women and children through the

quiet country roads as sedately as if he had never moved to the sound of the drum. His experiences have made him a little suspicious, and he starts at every cloud of dust, evidently mistaking it for the smoke of cannon, and shows so much fear of small, dark objects by the roadside, that his friends think he is always looking out for shells about to explode. He insists upon walking most of the time, as he was formerly accustomed either to marching with the men, or to galloping at full speed. He evidently considers that the pace at which the regiment marched is the proper rate of speed under all circumstances. He is of course very affectionate, and shows the greatest delight when he sees a face or hears a voice of which he is fond, and turns his head occasionally, to try to get a glimpse of his friends in the carryall behind him.

He was always full of unaccountable freaks and unexpected changes of conduct, which greatly surprised those who did not know him well. Many a laugh did his queer ways cause among the men in the regiment, and they often recall now some funny incident for the amusement of the ladies, who only love old Charlie the better for what they consider marks of great originality.

One Lieutenant relates the history of his first ride on Old Gray in this way.

“ On the occasion of some especially grand review, the Colonel, then in command of a brigade, invited me to ride on his staff during the day, and offered to lend me Old Gray. Very proud was I to appear for once in all the glories of a mounted officer, and I presented myself punctually at headquarters, with a pleasant consciousness that from the tips of my spotless white gloves to the toes of my varnished boots, my appearance was perfect enough to satisfy even the critical eye of our Colonel. As he mounted his brown horse I noticed the glance of approval which he cast upon me, and turned to Old Gray in a most satisfied frame of mind, which prevented my paying much attention to the cautions which the Orderly was disposed to give me as to the management of my tall steed. I had seen the Colonel ride him often enough on similar occasions, and had never noticed that there was any difficulty in controlling him. We reached the field where the rest of the division was drawn up, looking very imposing. In a few moments the Colonel turned to me and requested that I would ride back and hasten forward one of his regiments. I told Old

Gray of my wish to go, but he stood stock still. In great wrath I pricked him sharply with my spurs, and the next moment found myself sprawling in the mud before his nose. Painfully conscious of the suppressed amusement of my brother officers, I picked myself up unhurt, but plastered from head to foot with dirt, and too much crestfallen to have any desire left except that of getting out of sight as soon as possible."

The Colonel himself sometimes had very hard battles with Old Gray, and indeed I think he was all the more fond of the horse for having conquered him so often. Once when their commander had been absent for some weeks, the regiment went out to receive him in due form on his return. Colonel George was riding quietly along on Old Gray, who had not been on dress parade during his master's absence. As he turned to pass through a certain white gate he came suddenly in view of the regiment drawn up in glittering ranks, with a bright sun shining on every polished musket, and the band playing gayly. The absurd old horse must needs pretend to be scared at the sight. He swerved suddenly, and then reared, and behaved so badly that those looking on said any one but the Colonel must have lost his seat. He did

lose his hat and sword, and you may be sure he did not thank Old Gray for thus spoiling the effect of his grand reception. Nor did the horse soon forget the scene and the punishment he received. For long after he returned to quiet life his friends wondered why he would never pass a white gate without jumping to the opposite side of the road, until one of the officers explained his conduct, by telling the story of the Colonel's reception.

When the horses were picketed at night during a march, Old Gray must always have the first armful of forage. If he saw another horse served first, he pranced about in great indignation. So now, when the groom goes into the stable at feeding time, Charlie stands stock still and listens. He hears the opening of the grain chest, and waits just long enough for the man to reach his stall; but if there is a moment's delay in the appearance of his oats, and he suspects that some other horse is being fed first, he makes his heels fly about in an alarming way.

He knows the step of the Colonel's sister, to whom he now belongs, and greets her with a whinny as she enters the stable. Then he presses close up to one side of his wide stall, that she may have room to pass in and give

him the lump of white sugar which he always expects from her hand. Every bright day he is turned out into a vacant field, where he prances and leaps about like a young colt, rather than the venerable old horse he should be at his years. Once he fairly jumped over the rails, and was off down the street for a race. After being ignominiously driven out of several yards in the neighborhood, where he tried to make friendly calls, he trotted quietly back, and thrust his nose into a friendly hand for a mouthful of oats. While he was enjoying his run in the field, six children were mounted on the fence and feeding him from their hands. He can always free himself from his halter, either by untying the knot with his teeth, or by slipping his head out of the rope, but he is generally content to stand still. One day when he had drawn a party of pleasure-seekers to a distant beach, he was left fastened to a post while luncheon was going on out of his sight. When the party were ready to return, Charlie was found standing quietly by his post, with his big white head and neck quite bare. In a heap at his feet lay the headstall, tie rein, and all. He was looking serenely about, apparently quite satisfied to have shown that only his own pleasure



prevented his leaving his friends to get home as they could.

About once a year Charlie renews his youth and goes off with another Colonel to play at soldiering for two or three days. For days beforehand, his groom works at his coat to make it as fine and silken as possible. His long white tail is washed and combed until it shines in the sun like spun glass, and when the military saddle and bridle, bearing the number of his old regiment, are put on, all his friends assemble to see him start. He receives a parting lump of sugar, and many injunctions to be good, and at a touch of the spur is off with the long loping gallop which belongs to his military training. He is followed by smiles and tears, as the group at the door think of the gallant rider whom for three years he bore through weary marches to many a hard fought battle-field.

He is whimsical as to his attendants, and yields to kindness much more easily than to force. When he was first brought to Boston, he was unfortunately placed in a stable on the second floor, and it was very difficult to get him down again, on account of his extreme lameness. A friend of his master went to visit him, and found several men trying to force him down the stairs. Charlie (he had been named

in remembrance of the gray Charlie of the Colonel's boyhood) had planted all four feet firmly, and would not move for pushes or blows. The gentleman went up to him, patted his head, and talked coaxingly to him for a little while, and then gently took the bridle and led him down, the horse following, as if he knew he had found his master's friend. He is now as happy as a horse can be, with kind friends, unlimited petting, and with very little work to do. May he live to a good old age, and always be held in honor for the scars which attest his long service in the good cause.

Boys, if you would be like George when he was a man; if you would be loved as he was loved, and obeyed as he was obeyed, you must try to be now what he was as a boy. No cruel or cowardly boy ever made a noble man. Begin now. Be kind to all little, dumb, dependent creatures, and never be afraid to do anything which it is plainly right to do. So you shall be loved by your friends, and feared by your enemies, and respected by all. Whether your battle for the right be fought amidst the spiteful humming of minie balls, or against foes equally invisible that will meet you in the quiet ways at home, you shall fight your fight well, and your life shall be that of a hero.







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